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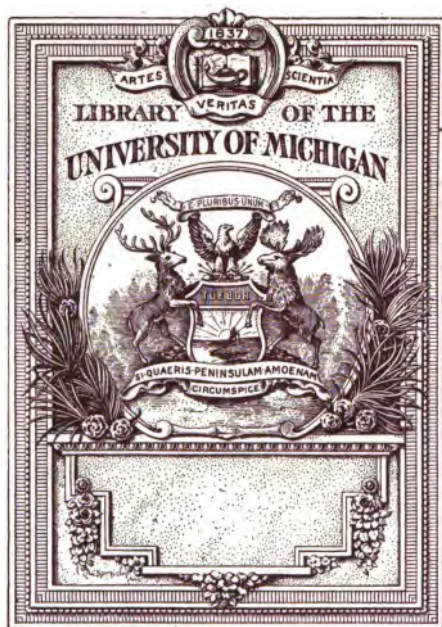
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A LIFE SENTENCE

OR

Duty in Dealing with Crime

By

W. WATSON BURGESS



BOSTON: RICHARD G. BADGER

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TO THE
WIFE AND CHILDREN OF THE WRITER,
DEVOTEES OF INSPIRING STORY,
AND TO THAT
GREAT ARMY OF PATIENT WORKERS
WITH
HIGH AIMS AND INSURMOUNTABLE ENVIRONMENT,
THIS VOLUME
IS LOVINGLY INSCRIBED.

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PREFACE

LEGAL tribunals, and citizens in common, are prone to deal zealously with crime as a monster evil menacing the very life of free institutions, and, hence, operation of law is sometimes at variance with justice, highest duty, and the rights of man.

While there is an undercurrent of sentiment in these pages akin to religious belief, with, perhaps, an optimistic trend that may not be wholly in accord with the popular, dominant view, still it is not sought to foist upon the reader any particular phase of religion, much less to condone any form of actual crime.

We cannot differentiate or separate the human family for purposes of government, or the suppression of crime. It is the aggregate, the conglomerate whole with which there is to deal. If this story may in the least tend to mitigate unjust discrimination, and to any extent lessen the pangs and penalties levied upon innocent and excusable victims of alleged crime, or awaken deeper conscientiousness and higher aims in life than many now possess, the author will feel richly rewarded for his effort.

A LIFE SENTENCE

OR

Duty in Dealing with Crime

CHAPTER I

“MAMMA, why don't 'oo tum away from 'is nassy old place? Why don't 'oo tum home? Do tum home, mamma!”

It was a golden-haired little girl thus pleading to her mamma while on her first visit to the weird old State's Prison, within the confines of a dingy, badly smelling cell, at Carson City, Nevada, along in the closing years of the nineteenth century.

“Mabel, my darling child, Mamma must now live here always — never go home again. The big judge in the courthouse has said I must stay here as long as I live. But my precious darling must come every day to see mamma, and stay a long, long time each day she comes. Mamma will be so lonely now, and she will think so much about her baby darling.”

Thus the mother was replying to the earnest pleading of her little girl whom she was fondly embracing, feverishly kissing her again and again, when for the first time in her great distress of mind she completely broke down and wept as she had never wept before. Raving in

awful agony she sobbed: "You're too young, you precious, innocent, little darling; mamma can't make you understand," and after bidding her a tender farewell she reluctantly broke away and sank down in utter despair.

Mrs. Eunice Jordan, *née* Bates, was, in both form and feature, a fascinating, handsome young widow, who, since the death of her husband, was engaged in the pleasurable and profitable pastime of painting landscapes and portraits for the honorable maintenance of herself and child. She had been more than moderately successful, having attracted the attention to her work of some of the critics of note whose comments were flattering in the extreme.

Sunbeams were peeping through the iron bars of the eastern window, playing bewitching pranks about the dingy room. This isolated apartment had been spared her until sentence for life was imposed which made a change in her quarters imperative. She had been cared for almost as an equal for many months in private apartments in the same house with the family of the warden, and was treated more like a member of his family than as a convict. Little Mabel had been her constant companion, night and day, and scarcely realized that her mother was detained under those rather peculiar conditions in any other capacity than that of a visitor from choice. The new quarters with bare floor and walls, dismal and so dark, had been made as comfortable as the environment would permit through the kindly offices of the well-disposed matron. There was a clean bed, a small strip of clean carpet, a wash-basin and accoutrements, a small stand, and a fairly comfortable old arm-chair. This constituted the sum total of furnishings,

and as Mabel glanced about and observed the dismal aspect of her mother's new surroundings, it is little wonder that she should plead so earnestly for her to "turn away from the nas'y old place" and return to her own luxuriant home.

It was the morning of the second day's incarceration in the new quarters, and was Mabel's first visit there. The meeting and parting on this occasion was the hardest ordeal Eunice had yet passed through. The great strain of a long, tedious trial seemed not to daunt her in the least. Very little if any emotional or nervous display was noticeable during the whole siege, but her tender woman's nature could no longer hold back a demonstration of the heart-bursting love and anxiety for her tiny baby girl, and so at last there came full and free vent to her feelings while all alone in that dark and dreary cell.

Within the next hour she had partially recovered her accustomed self-composure. She had deftly rearranged her dark brown hair in heavy, curving waves across her classic brow and unconsciously displayed the rarest of beauty. A tinge of redness about her large, lustrous, hazel-brown eyes was the only tell-tale mark left to indicate in the least degree the great struggle she had been undergoing with sorrowful self the short while before. She was now thinking how society had forgotten her, and near friends, too. She had no near relatives living save a devoted old aunt back in the States who wrote pathetic but encouraging letters, beseeching her to place implicit faith in her best Friend — the God of Love and Mercy. As she sat musing over her sad and hopeless fate the silence was again broken — her devoted

pastor was ushered in.

"Good morning, Mrs. Jordan; I hope you are well. You have never looked to be in better health," said the parson.

Parson Brundage's calling upon this isolated member of his flock at this time was particularly opportune, but his visit in the new quarters was not looked for quite so soon. Eunice was outwardly prepared to receive him, that is to say, as nearly prepared as one placed in her trying situation could be expected to be; but inwardly there was a great struggle going on to control her emotions and maintain that womanly equipoise which she so nobly portrayed throughout her long trial and which was ever maintained throughout her life. Her manner of greeting the parson was, therefore, really less natural than was her wont.

"How kind of you to call, dear pastor. This change of abode is, indeed, very distressing. Yes, pastor, I am quite well, thank you; as well, I presume, as one might expect to be whose hopes and aspirations have been blighted and crushed to earth. But your kindly presence seems to renew and rekindle that never-dying spark of hope even with a lowly outcast like myself. Others, dear pastor, seem to have forgotten my existence," was her rather piteous reply.

The parson was a young clergyman assigned by an eastern diocese as a probationer to the sagebrush district wherein to grow and develop such powers as would tend to fit him for a pastorate elsewhere, should such a change again be desirable. He was a grand specimen of the physical in man, with a strong broad mind abundant in resources of good common sense and well

grounded in the particular theological tenets embraced and expounded at the institution he graduated from the year before. Little was it thought by those in authority that the far west would prove to be such a rich field for expansion and development. The new parson was soon fast in its grasp, breathing in the refreshing ozone of its freedom and basking in the glorious sunshine of its delightful newness. Here he soon found congeniality and began to mingle freely amongst the progeny of brains, brawn, and bravery. He found it to be a veritable hotbed for the seeds of progress in the sciences, arts, and mental forces that were scattered here and there to sprout and produce an hundred fold.

"It is a peculiar old world," said the parson. "True friends are like nuggets of gold — they are hard to find. The average profession of friendship, even in the church, I fear is largely but mockery."

Stopping for a moment as if in deep reverie he continued: "Mrs. Jordan, God has been merciful in sparing your life. Indeed you may have new hope as you have, as it were, a new lease on life. I prayed fervently for that."

"*Merciful in sparing my life!*" she exclaimed in great deliberation. Then after a pause in which to gracefully recede from so apparently ungrateful an attitude she resumed: "Yes, dear pastor, it *was* merciful, I suppose, and I devoutly thank the Father and your dear self, too, for the very kindly interest you have shown in my probably undeserved behalf. But, had it not been for an overpowering belief that I have something to live for in my child — a duty to help her, if possible, regain an untarnished name — I would a thousand times have

preferred that the law should have meted out the full penalty. And I confess that it was only a sudden realization of Mabel's hopeless future that prevented me from following my victim on that fateful day I sought to avenge his cruel wrongs."

"But, my dear Mrs. Jordan," interjected the parson, "you seem to forget that the responsibility for your act rests on your soul. God has graciously given you another chance. What a blessed privilege has been granted you—what a demonstration of the efficacy of prayer! As a member of our little church you were faithful, always attending regularly, and you aided materially both in helping to build the edifice and increase the membership; besides you used to help the needy almost to a lavish point. Oh, my dear sister, I pray Heaven for the redemption of your soul. In a moment of weakness, during a great strain, under an evil impulse, you transgressed God's law in His commandment that 'thou shalt do no murder,' but the 'Lord loveth whom He chasteneth.' Now, in addition to your child's welfare you must not overlook the welfare of your own soul in eternity."

Eunice had been raised under a rather more liberal religious atmosphere than where the parson had studied for the ministry, and she inclined to view some matters, important in the parson's belief, rather lightly. "Peace to your soul," was empty of great significance to her. The religion of "lending a helping hand," and "working in the vineyard," etc., was of vastly greater importance. She was specifically a humanitarian, but technically identified with a church of much dogma and creed.

"My dear pastor, I appreciate your solicitude, and

feel exceedingly thankful for your words of encouragement. They sink deep into my heart. I am conscious of my great transgression of God's law, as well as the law of the land, but truly I must admit that I do not value your suggestions as to my soul with that deep concern you would have me do. Eternal consequences I very little dread. God knows I am a defenseless woman. I wanted to plead self-defense at my trial, but my counsel said there was but one valid, legal plea left me, that of justifiable homicide. But, dear pastor, when the time comes for a hearing in the Court of Last Appeal no technicality will stand between me and my God."

The serenity displayed in this reply,—this woman under a life sentence for doing murder, placed behind bars in such gloomy surroundings to never again commingle with the busy, beautiful world on the outside,—was received by the parson with much inward amazement. He said, as though trying to divine the cause of such marvelous composure: "What plea in extenuation can you take before the Great Judge where equal and exact justice is administered?"

"That of a defenseless woman intrigued and ruined by a faithless man who would have gone free before the laws of this land, had he been tried for blighting my life and that of my child by his breach of promise."

"But—please pardon my seeming probing, I do not want to add pain—to go before that Bar Above, guilty of murder, will your plea avail? Most likely God has already heard your plea by sparing your life."

"*Your* gentle probing does not add pain. Like the knife in the hands of the skilled surgeon, it may yet cause the wound to heal. Pastor," she continued, "do you

know that I do not, I cannot, believe that God places his children on this earth to be toyed with as a cat would toy with a rat before devouring it? A limit of endurance is ranged within every human being. Education, culture, and religion no doubt tend to hold us in check, and keep us above savage life, but even the beneficent power of those elevating influences cannot be expected to repress us after the limit is reached. Dear pastor, let me assure you once and for all that I am at perfect peace with God on the question of limit."

"I trust and pray that you may be right, Mrs. Jordan; but duty compels me to say that I greatly fear you are mistaken, and, if you are mistaken, it means the eternal torture of your soul."

"Clang!" rang the heavy iron door and Eunice was again left alone in that dismal cell. The parson's visit had had the reverse effect from what was intended. It awoke in this lonely prisoner a train of thought that quite obliterated the gloomy aspect of her surroundings, rather than aroused a deeper interest in her soul's welfare. Her only deep pang was as to what would become of Mabel. The mother nature went out in its fullness and sympathy to this innocent little one who would have to suffer indescribable agonies because of the one everlasting misdeed done in a moment of hopeless despair. But a consoling ray at this juncture crossed her mind. She believed as Mabel grew to years of understanding, the motive back of the uncontrollable impulse in that awful deed could be made clear, and she would have her daughter's sympathy, her prayers, and possibly her full forgiveness.

Thus Eunice was somewhat at ease. While in this

state of deep solemn reverie she conceived the idea of a painting she might be permitted to make and was soon lost in the study of its detail. This would afford her occupation and tend to divert her mind from her awful situation, as well as to give Mabel pleasure and interest in watching its development. The more she indulged the thought the more she began to take courage, and from that hour on she was a changed woman, ready to greet her kind keepers, or an occasional curious visitor, with a smile.

Parson Brundage returned to his study full of forebodings for this poor woman — this social outcast, this prison convict, who but a few months before shone brilliantly in society and ever among the needy, relieving the sick and feeding the hungry. But somehow he found himself battling with questions that had never before come into his mind.

"What can be the full bearing," said he, soliloquizing, "in her saying she had reached her limit and was at peace with her God?"

His mind reverted to the full text of her awful crime. He could not hold back the flood of argument that was rushing in. Young and handsome, he probably saw that in her which her victim saw to admire. He recalled that this victim — one of Nevada's legal lights — stood high in social circles, and, like himself, was a lonely bachelor. He remembered that he was the last person to bid herself and child *bon voyage* to the old world to finish her art studies; also the departure soon after of this social lion and their meeting in the Coliseum at Rome; that he was among the first to greet her on her return; and now, for the first time, it began to dawn upon him that there was

force in her plea of self-defense. Ruined, impregnated, and deserted. Seized now with emotions of both pity and contempt he was determined to learn more of the truth, the facts, and the law, and if her act was found to be either justifiable or uncontrollable he would ever be her staunch friend, in or out of the church.

“Call me an hour earlier tomorrow morning,” he said to the servant on his way to bed that night, “I have something of importance to attend to. Now, please do not forget — an hour earlier.”

CHAPTER II

THE next morning was cool and crisp when the parson arose, and, after a light breakfast, started toward the residence of Judge Hunsaker, a few blocks away. It was this judge who presided at the trial of Mrs. Jordan, and who at its conclusion, was showered with tirades of abuse for not giving her the extreme penalty of the law.

"Glad to see you this bright morning, parson," was the judge's cordial greeting, although he professed no special religious inclination, "and to see you in such fine health. Come right in."

"Judge," said the parson, "I came over to study law; can you entertain such a proposition?"

Here a peculiar characteristic in the judge's nature asserted itself. When about to indulge in repartee he would unconsciously cram the ends of his scraggy beard into his mouth while his black eyes would fairly dance and snap.

"Well, parson," he said in great deliberation, and the parson was taking him to be very much in earnest, "if you will promise—"

To place him at ease the parson said: "Oh, never mind a promise, judge, I was—"

"But you must promise, parson," he continued, "promise to slide me past the gates of hades and I'll give you all the law you can pack around."

Judge Hunsaker was a brusque old fellow, stern,

honest, firm, and fearless — the kind of a man needed to deal out justice, fair and square, let the axe fall where it might. In that rough country none other in his day could have filled the bill. But a more tender, kindly disposed man was never seen, and if a person before him on any criminal charge whatever, could make out a plausible defense he usually spared the jury the trouble of deliberating by discharging the prisoner and dismissing the case. Some of his friends had expected to see him take this course in the celebrated case referred to, but he found it difficult, probably, to do so in the face of the great growing clamor to have the woman executed.

"Seriously, judge," the parson said, "I want to discuss the general subject of crime with you."

"Well, parson, I have been discussing and 'cussing' that question for nigh on to forty years, I reckon."

"For that reason I come to you, judge. There are times when a minister is called upon to lighten the load, if possible, of some poor soul weighted down heavily with crime."

Touched by the parson's sincerity the judge embarrassingly said: "Yes, yes; I reckon — I reckon that's so."

"I am just now stumbling over the block of 'justifiable homicide,' the plea put in for Mrs. Jordan."

The demeanor of the judge now turned to one of gravity.

"Do you know, parson," he said, "if I had been the jury that woman would have gone free? I came near setting her free anyhow, but there was too tarnal much rabble agin' it. And, as it was, I caught fits for saving her neck. Why, parson, that woman did no wrong; she was not serving the devil. She was helping the Lord get

rid of bad rubbish. But, remember, I am talking confidentially. You seem honest enough to be a preacher and, therefore, honest enough to keep my confidence."

"Never fear, judge; I shall not violate your confidence. A true-blue student could not do that, you know. Go on."

"That woman turned out to be a most remarkable witness, and the jury, I feel sure, was for her just as I was, and would have granted her her freedom had not the outside influences been so strong against her," he said, and then proceeded to discuss the logic of crime in general:

"Crime is a subject yet in its infancy in so far as it is a matter of public concern and control. Citizenship and property must ever be protected, and there must be a manifest restraining influence in the law. But the bottom beginning of crime is not in some overt act—it goes back to the cradle and to the cradle fillers. Today, when possible to set up insanity for a defense, or self-defense, etc., our penal institutions and gallows are robbed. To me it seems clear that in all cases of capital crime there is a possible technical defense. If the accused be insane then medical care should be granted, if lawfully defending life, or property, they should go free, and, if wronged as this woman was wronged, and fairly driven to so terrible a deed, where odds were so great against her, where justice is beyond reach, or the injury beyond repair, and all because of a man's perfidy, she should go free."

"How about arson, highway robbery, etc., where killing often occurs?" queried the parson.

"Parson, you must understand that I am squarely for

law and order. Still our laws, and our methods of enforcing them, do not meet requirements. Criminology is a deep, scientific subject. Just as long as society lets down the bars for all kinds of indiscriminate intercourse and marriage we shall continue to breed weaklings and criminals. At best man is a frail being, full of deceit, avarice, passion, and all other criminalistic tendencies. The law seeks to merely hold these tendencies in check, but, would it not be better to seek the cause and apply the remedy, just as the medical men do?"

"Your presentation of this matter, judge, is exceedingly interesting. What do you say about arson?"

"Arson and other malicious acts are generally prompted by revenge. This subtle nature may have been early observed in the home, schoolroom, or shop, and regarded as of small moment. It keeps growing, and, like the embers of its base intent, finally bursts into a spiteful blaze."

"You are quite right, no doubt; and now, judge, would you kindly classify for legal consideration and treatment highway robbery, burglary, larceny, embezzlement, etc?"

"Parson, I may say that volumes can be written, and volumes are today extant on this subject. These crimes of avarice will exist as long as our general economic system is so fashioned as to tempt the weak, encourage the strong, and fatten the rich. We all want money. We can satisfy many longings with plenty of coin, or with anything convertible into coin. We are educated from childhood to understand that 'money makes the mare go,' so it becomes our nature to want it and to want it very much. Parson," he continued in this philo-

sophical strain, "there is a great commercial river we all traverse. On one bank is the Poor House, on the other is the Penitentiary. We steer to keep clear of both banks. Some succeed and some fail. Whether our morals be high or low, whether our purposes be good or bad, whether we attend church or cavort with his satanic majesty, if we clear these banks we are good fellows, or even if we rub close enough to get entangled but escape the eye of the detective, we are still good fellows in the eye of the law. Don't you perceive, parson, as we traverse along this stream, the good mixed up with the bad, we are *all* law-abiding citizens of the grandest republic on earth? Bah! The thought fills me with utter contempt. Until we grapple with this monster more intelligently, and completely overpower him, we shall continue to feed and clothe large armies in our penal shops, support a rapidly growing constabulary, and increase the killing machines."

"Judge, I am very glad I came over. I've got something now to work on for my sermon next Sabbath morning. Should be pleased to have you hear it, judge," said the parson as he was preparing to take his leave.

"Hope I don't drive you off, parson, but," glancing at his watch the judge continued, "I see it is time I'm off for court. As for your sermon—give 'em reason and cut out hell—b'lieve I'll try to get over."

"Ha! Ha! All right, judge, I'll agree," said the parson. He went home in deeper thought than was his custom. He found more meat in the kernel of Judge Hunsaker's rough suggestions than he thought possible to crowd into such a brief talk.

CHAPTER III

SHORTLY after Parson Brundage left, Warden Murphy paid a call on his charge in her new quarters to inquire if she was comfortable. This was an unusual proceeding, but she had been almost as one of his family, and he felt it to be a personal obligation.

"Oh, yes, warden," she responded to his inquiry, "I just know I shall be comfortable and contented, and I think I shall make Mabel feel so, too, when she comes to see me hereafter. I am going to try and be a good prisoner, but you'll let me have an extra table and writing material, won't you? I would like to write one or two letters. And just as soon as you can conveniently do so I wish you might transfer some of my art fixtures from my studio over here; I shall pay all charges, you know."

"It will give me pleasure to do both," said the warden, "and the writing fixtures I will have sent right down. Make out a little list for the other things and I'll send for them — there'll be no charges. But for the life of me I can't see where you are going to put the things."

"During the day, warden, I can take down the bed," she said, "and on clear days, you see, I shall have both room and light."

"Well, we shall arrange matters the best for you we can. I am glad to see that you look upon your situation so philosophically."

"How kind you are, warden. I shall be all right. My mind and hands will soon be busy, I'm sure."

The warden closed the heavy door so as to avoid that rasping jar that must make one back of it sick at heart, and quietly walked away, in deep meditation. He was thinking that here was at least an example where a noble woman was wrongfully placed in his charge, and he resolved to make matters as light for her as possible. Writing fixtures were soon placed at Eunice's disposal and for the next hour she was deeply engrossed in inditing the following letter to her aunt:

The Letter.

STATE'S PRISON,
CARSON CITY, NEVADA,

MY DEAR AUNT:—

So much has been going on since I received your last blessed letter that it has been quite impossible to answer it before. The trial is over. I received a life sentence, and how much longer to remain in prison is now a matter of God's. But, as I have before told you, Warden Murphy and his wife, who is matron, are indeed kind to me and likewise to my little Mabel, whom they daily permit to pay me a loving visit. Now, Mabel has been much annoyed at finding me in a dingy cell by myself, but I think I shall soon be able to interest her in some special art work I now have in mind, and she will be more content when she comes.

Dear Aunt, I don't see how I shall be able to portray to you by letter the exact causes and circumstances that led up to my awful deed. But as you seem to so much desire me to give you a detail of it I will endeavor to do the best I can. I consent to do so for your sake, and possibly for Mabel's future benefit, and, therefore, entrust this letter to you confidentially.

Mr. ——— first had his attention directed to me one evening while I was visiting some friends in Virginia City, who had given a little social to which he was invited. He had a striking personality, and stood at the top notch of Nevada society. He spent most of the evening with me in quiet conversation, and gave evidence of extreme ardor for such a brief acquaintance. This I did not specially repel, neither did I specially encourage it. However, before the social ended he made an engagement to call at my suburban home,—in fact, I informally invited him to call at the studio—my friends had said he was an excellent judge of art. This he did. His first visits were usually brief, but they grew to be more frequent and lengthy, and I confess I found myself becoming interested in him.

You remember when I went to Europe. Bless you, he was soon with me, which was wholly unexpected. He first met me in the Coliseum at Rome. He quickly proposed marriage. He was accepted. He asked for the formal ceremony to be postponed until we arrived among friends in America, but we could be informally married at once and let it remain secret till we had the ceremony performed at home. We entered at once into the new relation. This was a mistake; but, aunt, I was basely deceived, and did not know it at the time. Under his argument and assurance I believed we were legally married, for an individual was present as a witness and said the ceremony conformed to the Italian laws and usage. Nor was I undeceived, or dream of its being otherwise, until after we reached Carson. Suddenly and without notice I was forsaken on arrival. It was now that I first realized approaching motherhood, and, aunt, I was desperate. God knows I had led a self-respecting life, and was living for my little girl. Now, I was suddenly crushed. An attorney was consulted. He said I had absolutely no case,—service and trial would be entertained nowhere outside of Italy. My great anxiety and distress was the unexpected cause of preventing a natural

issue, and, in that respect, dissipating my anguish, but not before I did the awful deed that places me behind bars for life.

I had called to entreat this base deserter twice to do the manly thing. He would only smile defiance and get out of my sight. Aunt, if it had been a thousand miles to Virginia City I should have gone the third and fatal time. An irresistible force seemed to be pushing me on. On the last day he was abusive and ordered me away, or he would have me arrested and locked up on a charge of blackmail. This was too much. I drew a revolver. Little expecting such a desperate course on my part, I who had been meek, docile, obedient, and, child like, trusting implicitly in him—he begged for mercy. He tried to calm me, but would not agree to marry me on the spot, as I demanded. Getting a little closer he attempted to disarm me. I suddenly sprang to a chair, and, with deliberate aim, shot him down where he stood.

Now, my dear aunt, do not worry over it—I am at peace with the world and with God. I shall try to improve my time and be a model prisoner. You must not cease your letters; they have been of great help to me.

With fervent love, I still am

YOUR NIECE, EUNICE.

This rather unpleasant duty was now off her hands. She knew that she could not convey in a letter an adequate account of her trouble but she felt that something was due this only surviving relative, and it might come in good play for Mabel some day, and the relatives on her father's side. There was an old uncle in Africa. It was doubtful if he had ever heard of the trial, although widely published. Mabel might find a friend in him some day.

Thus Eunice sat musing. Twilight rendered further

work impossible, so after drinking a cup of tea she lay down on a fairly comfortable bunk and sought her first refreshing sleep since the long, weary, heart-rending trial began.

"Wife," said Warden Murphy, after he had called on Eunice, "that is the most remarkable prisoner we have had here since they opened this pen."

"Yes, Robert," said the matron, "I think so, too."

"She's more composed than a stoic. I think Judge Hunsaker felt she should have been acquitted when he saved her from the drop. But she never would have flinched on that either."

"And that is because she did nothing very wrong," said the matron.

"I can't just say she did no wrong. You know Mr. ——— was a good friend of mine. He virtually put me in this job. But I like her, and I shall treat her on the level. She ain't got 'nough room. She proposes taking down her bunk every day in order to make more room. She wants to paint—wants to try and entertain the kid. Say, Mandy," he continued, as if struck suddenly with a new idea. "I'm going to have the partition between 17 and 18 taken out. No use in keeping her crowded into 17 for the rest of her life. That'll give her more light, too. If the commissioners kick I'll tell 'em we need a larger cell for a woman and all her riggins. The Governor is all right; he whispered to me the day she came to let her down easy. And only yesterday Judge Hunsaker stopped me to inquire how she was, and asked me to be kind to her."

"Good for you, Robert," the wife exclaimed.

"Yes," continued the Warden, "I also propose a few

of the needful comforts — a rocking chair, electric light, etc., — it is little enough to do. I am sure the bucks won't kick about what I do for a woman."

Thus the conversation ran. Those responsible for the prisoners in their keeping sometimes seem callous to the finer sensibilities, but their outward manners, so necessary to discipline, are seldom indicative of the warm, sympathetic nature thus covered up. Warden Murphy had had sufficient experience in dealing with these unfortunate beings to enable him to almost instantly detect judicial error in sentencing those who should go free. It was his opinion that Eunice should not have received a life sentence. Therefore, if he was powerless to shorten that sentence, he could at least mitigate it by doing all for her comfort he possibly could.

When Eunice arose the next morning she felt especially refreshed and ate heartily of the dainty breakfast served. This over, she soon heard Mabel's prattle coming down the narrow passageway. For a moment she felt great distress, but became composed quickly.

"Bless my little darling! How sweet you are this morning! And this beautiful rose —"

"It just busted out this morning on the back porch. I sought 'ood like to stweeze it," said the little tot, who, in her innocence, thought everything we liked had to be squeezed.

"So I shall, darling, and I will squeeze my little darling girl, too," and picking her up fairly cracked her bones.

Tears now began to stream down the mother's

flushed cheeks, for that rose recalled the incident when her husband had planted a cutting from a La France bush at the spot indicated on the afternoon of their first day "at home" from a delightful honeymoon at Sierra Madre Villa, near Los Angeles, where he had broken off the twig with the remark, "Darling, I will take this to Carson and plant it for you. Its roses are so fresh and pure — just like a sweet little bride I know."

No wonder Eunice could no longer restrain her tears, but at that moment she was seized with alarm at the heavy pounding on her partition wall.

"Oh, dear Mrs. Murphy! What's that?" she asked.

The matron explained that workmen were tearing out that wall on the orders of the warden in order to give her more room and light.

"The warden is very, very kind; but I did not expect him to do so much."

"Oh, that's all right; 'tain't much."

"Until I see him again please thank him for me."

"Mamma! Mamma! A man is peeping in the hole!" exclaimed Mabel.

The workmen had now gotten an opening through. This work caused Mabel to forget all about her mother's surroundings, which had been worrying her so much, and also prevented her prolonging her visit on this occasion. Therefore, after a little further desultory talk she was again taken away with a promise of a longer visit the next day.

Eunice placed the rose at the edge of the water in the basin and was again being carried back in sacred memory to her husband and their honeymoon.

Had the workmen not changed the trend of her

thoughts it is evident that a little incident did after the matron returned to dust, clean, and mop.

The workmen were through and gone. The matron stood astride a bucket of water, mop in hand, with her skirts tucked between her limbs. An innocent little mouse ran across one of Eunice's feet as though intending to find lodgment there or thereabouts, and she screamed as if in mortal fear. The matron, becoming suddenly alarmed, proceeded to sit down and empty the suds in her lap. By this time Eunice had jumped on the writing table, which upset and also placed her in the lap of the matron. The reader may now understand that the matron was never more loaded in the lap in her life.

Time was soon due for disentanglements and explanations.

"Mrs. Murphy, it was a mouse!" Eunice exclaimed.

"Is that all it was?" said the matron. "I thought it was an earthquake. Well! Well! It is wonderful what a *big* stir a little insignificant mouse can make among the ladies. But, never mind, dear; it's all over now."

And they both enjoyed a good laugh.

Judge Hunsaker was in a semi-forgetful mood during the day that Parson Brundage made his morning call. Attorneys at the bar little knew the portent of his thoughts. His official duties were merely routine and perfunctory. His mind most of the day was far from court. He was thinking about Eunice, and rather chiding himself for not setting the verdict aside and granting her freedom. He had looked for the jury to acquit.

Now that he had officially set the seal of her doom, and placed her behind bars for life,— she whom he believed pure, stainless, and incapable of crime,— something akin to bitter remorse seemed to have seized him.

“What can I now do for her comfort?” he asked himself. “Is it possible, in my official capacity, to amend that sentence? The Governor would not, in all probability, deem it politic to interfere and lessen the term, much less to even consider the question of her release, so all hope in that direction terminated. Poor soul! I fear my whole duty was not done by her, although I acted within the purview of the law. I suppose the greatest official wrong a judge can do is to place a legal form and its technical requirements above that principle in every man which at times bids him do by another that which is clearly right without giving the consequences a thought. I felt it right to free Mrs. Jordan; but I didn’t have the manly courage to do it.”

Thus the judge brooded throughout the day.

Before nightfall the warden succeeded in placing all the fixtures, electric light, etc., in the enlarged cell, and it now almost seemed like a cozy corner in an apartment house. When ready to retire Eunice thought that prison life was not so bad after all. Poor deceived soul; little she knew what the pangs of solitary confinement really were, nor the added penalty of hard labor. Hers was a paradise in comparison.

CHAPTER IV

PARSON BRUNDAGE was an early caller at the prison on the following afternoon. His amazement at the change that had taken place in Eunice's cell was great. And he also observed a very noticeable change in the inmate.

It may be said, too, that the parson had changed. His morning call upon Judge Hunsaker during the interim was largely accountable for it. This, of course, he could not himself realize.

"Mrs. Jordan," he said, after the usual formal greeting had passed between them, "how well you are looking this afternoon! And, if you will pardon a little slang, it seems to me there has been 'something doing' since I last saw you."

"Yes, pastor; the 'world do move' even in a prison," she replied, and suppressing a little giggle expressive of inward mirth, she told the story of the mouse, "to show variety in the movements," she further suggested.

Although on a serious mission, and a gentleman of cloth, the parson doubled up in laughter that was heard all over the prison. This again was evidence that, at least in his case, a limit had been reached and exceeded.

Sobering down to a nearer proximity to his station, he said: "This easel, brush, and palette will now serve to keep away mice. I see you have started upon a new sketch."

"You are right, dear pastor. Mabel and I shall work

together. I feel that I am not to be lonely."

"Your tranquillity and hope seems to me like an inspiration from God," he said after a moment's silence.

"And that may be true, dear pastor; every day I seem to feel His presence. And through communion with Him while silent and alone I hope to work out my own salvation. God is a witness to every thought and act even in a prison. His presence cannot be *barred* out. And, pastor, I sometimes feel that He was the impelling force behind the awful deed that brought me here."

"Mrs. Jordan, you startle me! But I am beginning to see with clearer vision than ever before; something seems to tell me that you are right."

"A religion that is not with us in darkness and despair is but mockery. Christ is the 'Inward Monitor' of all sincere mortals. That divine prompting is always right — always clear on matters right and wrong. When we go off into myth, and speculate upon unknowable things, we do not find a practical religion — we are little better than idolaters. Doing right is its own reward. It brings peace and rest to all weary souls, here and hereafter."

"From this on," said the parson, "I intend working nearer those lines, both in and out of the pulpit. The 'Monitor' decrees it. But we have a nice church, and I do not care to be too abrupt, — heretical, as some might say, — in assailing doctrine, deviating from beaten paths, etc., until I feel to be more independent."

"You will never lose by following the Monitor. Remember, it is Christ within."

Probably a careful search would not reveal a more anomalous situation than that of this minister becoming

converted, in a prison, to broader ideas and newer views in religious matters by the very inmate he has called upon to console, and, if possible, to save.

"Well, I must now be going. And I want to say that I saw Judge Hunsaker not long since. From him, and from your noble self, Mrs. Jordan, I have new food to prepare and digest for my sermon this coming Sabbath. The judge is to come out and hear it; I wish you could, too. Good-bye. God be with you."

"Wish I could hear it. Won't you save me the MS.?" she asked.

"Possibly I can — and come over and read it," he added.

"It will be awful good of you if you do," she replied.

This closed the rather remarkable but brief interview.

On the Sunday morning following a desert wind storm was raging which was severe enough to keep people in doors. But the parson had no intention of staying in — he had a sermon to deliver, and he usually did what he conceived to be his duty regardless of the weather. Go he did. To his astonishment the little church was full on his arrival, and more coming.

The cause of this large attendance on so stormy a day, was due to a notice published in the Saturday papers to this effect:

Services as usual tomorrow morning at the
——— Church. "Crime Considered in a
Rational Light!" Seats free.

HENRY N. BRUNDAGE, *Pastor.*

Mrs. Jordan's trial had been the topic on the street and in the home above all other topics. Interest in it was great and excitement ran high. People stood about in little groups discussing it, some loudly denouncing the judge for letting her escape the gallows, and others equally vehement against the jury for not acquitting her. Hence the hearty response to the parson's invitation for the people to hear his sermon. It was anticipated that he would put in a strong plea in her behalf and found it upon the Bible.

Among the earliest to occupy a *free seat* was Judge Hunsaker. The choir was extra large on this occasion and was replete with mountain vigor if not overstocked with music. The preliminary and formal ceremonies over with (and it does seem that an extremely large quota of external performances extraneous to real worship occupy the churchgoer's time), the parson took up his sermon. The following are but mere excerpts of the salient points:

The Sermon.

Dear Hearers: I feel almost incapable of discharging a duty I have undertaken because of its being a question of enormous weight and great depth, but, with God's help, I shall do the best I can. My subject is "Crime Considered in a Rational Light." Friends, it were indeed folly to deny a personal interest in the great trial just closed, wherein a dear sister,—a former worthy member of this church,—was found to be guilty of a high crime, and who is now in the commencement of paying the state's penalty by remaining in prison for the rest of her life. And, before proceeding further, I wish

to publicly thank the judge who presided at that trial on behalf of, at least, the pastor of this church, for the heroism he displayed in sparing that defenseless woman's life.

[At this announcement there was applause.]

But, dear hearers, this sermon will not deal directly with that celebrated case. "Let the dead past bury its dead," has become axiomatic. I can deal only with the living, burning questions and realities. Because any saying of mine today may seem plain, and directed straight toward facts and truth, it will be none the less devout or sincere. In the language of that celebrated layman who wrote the Universal Prayer: "If I am right then I implore within the right to stay; if I am wrong, oh, teach my heart to find that better way."

An act of crime in any of its branches — murder, arson, burglary, embezzlement, rape, etc., tends to quickly arouse public indignation, and oftentimes the offenses are tried before the bar of Judge Lynch and its resultant consequences and barbarisms.

Ah, my friends; we should "lock the stable" oftener and hunt for the thief less. That is to say, we should as a corporate body endeavoring to secure the greatest amount of protection in the enjoyment of life, I say, we should seek to *prevent* rather than to *punish* crime; seek to enact reasonable laws and reduce the number of law-breakers. The superstructure called society is loosely constructed. The main braces and supports are neglected — Nature's requirements disobeyed.

Young man, acquaint yourself thoroughly with your intended. Know that morals and physical conditions are right and proper. Young woman, be even far more con-

cerned about the man who proposes to become your husband. This kind of knowledge truly is power. It means as it becomes more and more comprehended and adhered to, that there are to be proportionately less criminals born. Look out well for stains on fingers, as well as for stains on character. If you cannot find a mate without those indices to weakness, if not to depravity, it would be better far, for yourselves, those with whom you come in contact, and for posterity, that you remain unmarried. Marriage is sacred, and should not be tarnished through ignorance and made to conduce to misery or crime. Even civil laws should discourage incompatible mating, and unwritten laws at the foundation of society should preclude the possibility of their consummation. Education and high moral restraining influences will be the impelling forces to accomplish those desirable ends.

Now, parents, a word to you. What care have you over the bodies, minds, souls, and destinies of those growing sprouts that God has placed in your confiding trust? Do you patiently and forbearingly curb them when you find them in anger, in jealousy, in greed, in selfishness, in deceitfulness, in carelessness, slothfulness, or laziness? Or, do they run wild, and do you humor them in every conceivable notion? Do you spare the rod? Within this radius just gone over, and the attendant responsibilities of everyone, we may look for the fundamental hypothesis of that phase of crime preventable and correctable.

But all is not crime that has been so adjudged. It is a well-known principle, for instance, that in a charge of murder, no taint of crime obtains where successful pleadings of self-defense, justifiable homicide, or insanity

have been entered. We are all but human, and, therefore, to some degree insane. Some may be accountable for wrongdoing and others may not be. Where shall we draw the line? Penalties cannot deter acts of the insane. And, friends, great passion uncurbed is but a form of insanity. Now, that class of criminals are beneficently treated medically, at great expense to the state. Would it be far amiss to treat all criminals in some similar manner? Would it not be fairer, and less discriminating? Think of the large numbers going free, deep in crime but never apprehended. Think of those who escape through those loopholes which shrewd lawyers open up—those gateways to freedom called technicalities.

No one doubts the necessity for law and order. It is society's only lawful protection. But we must not sit in contentment and fold our hands. Capital and labor should not be antagonistic; luxury insolent to poverty; libertines become idols of society; nor blackmail run rampant. God has placed within us all the elements of defense, and we all have our limits of endurance. Will a fond mother let her babe starve in a land of plenty? Will a man of worth let his family be slandered? Will defenseless women let the ravages of deceiving libertines go unavenged? In conclusion let me impress upon you that some definite action on the part of society is imperative. Responsibility is not alone with the courts or the church. Let us from this day on no longer shirk from that responsibility, either individually or collectively.

CHAPTER V

PARSON BRUNDAGE awoke the next morning to find himself the talk of the town and the state. The Carson *Times* came out in something like the following:

PARSON BRUNDAGE DEFENDS A CRIMINAL!

Preaches a Sermon Lauding Convict Jordan, Denouncing
Her Victim as a Villain. He may Find These Parts
Unhealthy even for a Parson if he Keeps up
That Kind of Racket. The People are
Much Incensed and Members De-
serting his Church!!

Governor Moran was reading these flaming headlines after he had reached the capitol when an usher handed him Judge Hunsaker's card.

"Show the judge right in," said the Governor.

"Good morning, Governor; I'm out on a day's bail and thought I would come around and inspect you fellows a little," was the judge's offhand salutation.

"Glad to see you, judge," was the Governor's hearty response. "I was just reading over what the *Times* has to say concerning a certain sermon."

"Had the best of you, Governor," said the judge,

"for, by godfrey, I heard that sermon. Wonder you wouldn't go to church once in awhile."

"That's so. That sermon must have been a corker. The *Times* don't do a thing to the parson. Says he made a cowardly attack on the name of Mr. ———."

"D——n lie!" exclaimed the judge indignantly.

"He didn't do it, you say?"

"Not on your life — not unless his thanking me for saving the Jordan woman's neck was what the *Times* meant."

By a strange coincidence the parson, at that moment, unattended and unobserved, sauntered in upon them.

"Hope I don't intrude?" said the parson. "I found the door open and thought it was all right to come in."

"No one could be more welcome," was the Governor's dignified greeting. "Ever met Judge Hunsaker?"

"Oh, yes, Governor; we have met. The judge was my law preceptor for awhile; weren't you, your Honor?" was the quick reply which he hardly knew how the judge would take. "In fact I got some points from him for my sermon yesterday — a sermon, I may modestly admit, which seems to have shaken this commonwealth from Tahoe to Austin. From this on I shall expect to see our little church crowded."

"That's right, Governor; he learned law from me one morning before breakfast — that is, he learned all I know," was the judge's humorous sally.

Thus a repartee kept parrying until all three found themselves seriously discussing a question as to the pardon of Mrs. Jordan. In fact, this was the very purpose of the parson's visit.

"Gentlemen," said the judge, "we cannot afford to antagonize public sentiment at this time. Since what the *Times* has published concerning that sermon we may well surmise the result of hasty action. A pardon would set Nevada wild, and simply bury Moran too deep to dig out and run for the United States Senate. To be frank, I am also a candidate for promotion — I want to get on the supreme bench — but I fear my conduct on that case has completely upset my kettle of fish. But, of course, parson, it is very plain to be seen that you would be the gainer by such a course, unless the Sagebrushers are to ride you out of town on a rail. Ain't got your eye on the widow, have you?" he queried, at the same time giving the Governor a sly little wink.

"No, sir; my eye is on the goddess Justice," the parson half painfully declared. "I only want to see a noble soul set free; that's all. Penitentiaries were not erected for women like her. It is an insult to decency and right to place her there, and an infamy to keep her there."

The Governor had been listening but not talking. Finally he said: "I told Murphy to make it easy for her down there. Now, gentlemen, I will say to you confidentially that when I think the proper time has arrived I may act — that is, may let her out, or, at least, reduce her term. But I must be the sole judge as to the proper time to act."

He could not tell the parson that a convention was soon to be held which he was fencing to endorse him for the United States Senate, but it was in his mind.

The parson thanked the Governor for his assurances, and bade the couple adieu.

The judge now felt more free to talk, and for half an hour or more the various phases of the case were gone over — the trial, the jury, the evidence, the justification of the act, etc. Then referring to the parson he said: "That is one of the best 'sky pilots' we ever had. He does things. That sermon was characteristic of his courage, his vigor, and his truly progressive thought. So many ministers perform their duties in monotonous order, and, therefore, fail to awaken any interest in their work. But, Governor, that woman was back of that sermon. I don't mean that she helped to prepare it, but that he sees injustice in the system that places her behind bars. Yes, and he is thinking a good deal of her in a personal way, but, of course, he is unconscious of it. Now, Governor, get her out as soon as you can; I want to see him capture her. If he does, she'll 'mount to something yet. And, by godfrey, I don't blame him for getting stuck on her."

"All right, judge, I won't stand in their way," was all the Governor said, and they parted.

Had the Governor not inclined before to grant a respite, or release, the parson's eloquent appeal had caused him to do so. There was something in the parson's manner and words that touched him deeply, and seemed to bring him in closer harmony with the graver realities of life. And, now with the judge who presided at the trial arguing in behalf of her release, he felt sure there could be no mistake made in granting some concession in this poor woman's favor.

Judge Hunsaker was bemoaning his own cowardice. That trait had never before so strongly asserted itself — not since the time he first came in contact with Eunice.

And now, in the presence of the parson, presumably on her account, he felt it again. He could not say frankly and openly as was his nature, "Governor, for my sake pardon that woman," but that is what he secretly prayed for all the while. Then to evade and cover up that true feeling he blurtingly cajoled the parson for the very thing uppermost in his own mind. His was more than a passing fancy for Eunice,—it was deep, abiding, and lay buried from the world.

One of the peculiar anomalies of life is that of giant minds battling with conscience and surrendering to fear, while in the performance of their public duties. Either of these great men had the courage of his convictions, in most of the transactions of life, and could act up to those convictions. But here we find a Governor dallying with his conscience in order to be able to carry out a certain political scheme, and a judge, cowed by the memory of a woman, into taunting another for appealing for that woman's release from prison.

Until the time comes when men can act honestly in public life, act beyond the mere requirements of legal forms, what may we expect of those to take their places as time goes on.

CHAPTER VI

“SAY, nigger; up in de Walduff dey’d fah you for dat.”

“Why doan you go back up to de Walduff, you black ham? Dis yar St. Charles am good ’nuff for dis coon.”

This was part of a conversation Mabel was listening to that was being carried on between two big colored porters in the St. Charles Hotel, at New Orleans, who were in the act of carrying her mother’s trunks to a lovely suite of rooms which had been assigned to them.

Early that autumn, as soon as Governor Moran saw that his senatorial aspirations were sure of being realized, he granted a full pardon for Mrs. Jordan, and, as soon as she could pack up and get away, she went to New Orleans. There was no reason in particular for selecting the Crescent City. It is south, and, in the autumn, is superb. She was looking for rest, — solid, comforting rest both for herself and her pining little cherub, Mabel.

“Mamma!” cried Mabel as if in great fear, “there are two black men talking just awful out here! I’s ’fraid they’re going to fight!”

“Oh, no, darling; they won’t do that. One of them has let his end of the trunk fall and the other one is scolding him for being so very careless; that’s all.”

“Where’ll you have ’em, ma’am?” asked the biggest fellow.

After placing the trunks at the spot indicated the porters started to leave, and Eunice slipped a bright coin in the spokesman's hand.

On their way to the landing she overheard him saying: "She's none of yer cheap white trash; hully gee! It's four bits! We'll jes' take our yaller gals down de bi-oo tonight, all right," and in a moment their voices peeled forth strains of a popular song as only southern negroes are capable of doing.

Open concerts were running in full blast in the parks, the magnificent system of trolleys in belts afforded delightful pastime during the twilight of the refreshing evenings, and Eunice and Mabel soon found themselves enjoying these pleasures on every hand to the full. Between the easel and these recreations on the outside Eunice was beginning to feel that the beautiful world was yet full of its joys and delights,—much to be thankful for to an omnipotent God.

Her mind would constantly revert to the parson and the unselfish, noble part he took toward securing her release from bondage. His letters were refreshing. The last one read as follows, which, in a silent moment, she was again reading for the second or third time:

CARSON, NEV., ————— 18—.

MY DEAR MRS. J.:—

If I write too often it is an error of judgment only. How much we miss you, and it was partly my selfish wish to get you back into the church that caused me to work for your pardon. I say *partly* so, but God knows I thought you should be free, and to go when and where

you please. Yes, and I know that it was best for you to go away for awhile. But we won't consent to a prolonged absence. The Governor inquired about you today. Seems to think I keep posted about you. He has just been chosen Senator and had to say something. And Judge Hunsaker is really annoying. Seems to praise you in a way to pretend to excite my envy. But best of all is, I am satisfied that public opinion is now mostly on your side. With kindest regards and my love to Mabel, I remain

Your obedient servant,
"PARSON" BRUNDAGE.

To this letter Eunice briefly replied:

ST. CHARLES HOTEL, N. O.

— 18—.

MY DEAR PASTOR:—

I enjoy your letters very much. I limit my correspondence now to my aunt and to your worthy self. There is almost heavenly serenity down here. God's bounties are on every hand, and the hand of man is also manifest among these truly hospitable southerners. Oh, in this beautiful old world why should there be so much crime and wickedness? I know I have been found guilty of one of the worst of crimes, but somehow I believe the Lord has forgiven me if, indeed, He ever placed my offense on His great ineffaceable record of crime at all. Somehow the Monitor tells me He did not. You know I believe when a person is conscious of having done a great wrong, aye great or small, the mind is tortured and there is no peace. It is the only form of hell I believe in, and a mind at perfect peace is the only heaven, here or hereafter. Some memories are, indeed, sorrowful, but I do not let them entirely crowd out the happy ones. My gratitude to friends who came to my rescue in time of great distress which at last resulted in my release from prison, shall never die. Mabel thanks

you for your love and wishes to return a full measure of the same. She wants me to put in some of mine, too. Accept my best wishes, and believe me

Your grateful friend,

EUNICE JORDAN.

Parson Brundage felt strangely after reading and re-reading this more than mere friendly letter, as it seemed to him. Something was lacking — out of place, as it were. But he kept steadily at work. His sermons were practical and becoming so liberal that a few of the members would squirm in their seats, while others took up certain points, which were irregular, and discussed them at their respective homes. All knew that he was sincere, honest, and ever out in the "vineyard" working for the temporal as well as the spiritual welfare of some poor mortal too low to reach inside the doors of the church. Consequently, had a vote of the congregation been taken, he would have found himself closer in the confidences of his flock than that of any minister preceding him.

Mabel and her mother one morning a few weeks later went down to see the landing of a St. Louis packet which they heard tooting a frog-like siren as it was wending its way in the crescent of the "Father of Waters," — one of the occasional pastimes indulged in for Mabel's especial benefit. They were watching every detail, and when the "ashore" cry was given they noted carefully each arrival.

"There is Mr. Brundage, mamma!" Mabel fairly shouted.

Eunice felt queerly and surprised, but not displeased.

"How do you do, pastor?" she said, as he came along.

"Why, Mrs. Jordan, I did not expect you to meet me; and how did you know I was coming?" he asked.

"I didn't know it, pastor. Mabel and I were out for a little morning stroll. Hearing your 'toot' we were attracted here. But I am very glad to see you. Engaged quarters yet?" she asked.

"No; I have not," he answered, half bewildered.

"Well, then, it will be the St. Charles — at least till we have more of a visit," and calling a carriage, all three rode up.

There was little use for the parson to try longer to disguise his purpose in coming to New Orleans. It was to spend the holidays with Eunice. He therefore assented to this sudden arrangement for a hotel, and was assigned a room.

The trio took their meals together, and went out together, and it was generally supposed to be one family by those who observed their movements.

"Eunice," the parson said, one evening when the frost and chilling winds had kept them indoors, "your career has, indeed, been a most peculiar one, bearing its shadings of happiness in one place, its bitter sorrows, — sorrows but few mortals ever experience, — in another, and a sombre loneliness that must be indescribable." Then hesitating as if for a choice of words he again said: "I, too, feel lonely much of my time. This lovely visit is spoiling me. I know what a return to my haunts means, and, and, — Eunice, I fear I shall not be happy to return alone. I scarcely have the courage to ask you to run further matrimonial risks, but can't we return as one family?"

Mabel at this juncture came running in, all out of

breath. A big, playful pup, which had strayed in, was the cause of it. She was badly frightened.

"What is all of this racket about, Mabel?" was Eunice's ruffled inquiry.

She had been wholly surprised by the parson's frank and unique proposal, and could make no sort of allusion to it until after Mabel should retire. This break seemed like an age to the parson. They both talked on topics of not the least interest. Even suddenly discussed that overworked emergency topic, the weather. Finally, after Mabel, for a wonder, had become drowsy and was tucked fondly away to soon be lost in that dreamland of toys and wonders which children alone experience, Eunice essayed to reply:

"Dear pastor, your sacrificing proposition is wholly unexpected and takes me by surprise. But there is nothing sentimental with me in such matters any more. My record is known to you. You have seen the worst pages. Therefore I ask, Can you accept me as I am?"

"With all my heart and soul, dear Eunice," was all he said, and then knelt at her feet for silent prayer. Tears began to fill Eunice's lustrous eyes,—not the tears the parson had discovered in her lonely cell on the morning he first called at her new quarters in the penitentiary, but tears of joy, hope, and gratitude. Life again seemed to open anew.

From the day that the parson first called upon Eunice in her lonely situation, on an errand of sympathy and mercy, he was fated and sealed with absorbing love for her. This he was not conscious of,—knew not the meaning of his increasing heartbeats as he would think of her. He attributed all to the operation of divine law,

he merely being the instrument to an end. But her personal charms, nobility of mind and heart, and her sweet disposition, all impressed him deeply and with a feeling far different from that of mere interest or sympathy. He was in love, a condition—had he thought of it—which he would have thought to be an impossible one. It is well that he had no deeper conception of his real feelings, for his purposes would never have been asserted. He would have lost the day.

Eunice knew it from the first. There is a subtle undercurrent instinctively twining about a woman's nature that tells her unerringly of true love. Eunice well knew she had but an intellectual respect for the well-groomed man who had brought her so near the gallows through his lack of manly principle, and ensnared her by the wiles of base, crafty deception, and she could thus account for the apparent deviation of the psychic law referred to; but in the case of the parson she felt that his true bearing was that of pure love from the beginning,—enduring, abiding love,—and she fondly indulged the hope of some day being released and receiving his proposal. But this sudden consummation of that dream she could scarcely believe, much less realize.

CHAPTER VII

“GOVERNOR, — ahem! I beg pardon, Senator — do you know that crime is —.”
“Lemon sodee! Sprewse geum!”

were the piercing words of two little mountain urchins who had boarded the sleeper while the train was side-tracked at Raton, N. M., waiting to meet a north-bound flyer, and seated in one end of said sleeper were Judge Hunsaker and Governor Moran intently discussing the subject of crime in general.

“I’ll have sodee,” said the Governor, “will you have gum?”

“Rum and gum,” the judge replied. Tossing the rugged little chaps each a coin, he proceeded with his remark which had been so inopportunately interrupted.

These two busy public officials were en route to quaint old Santa Fé for the purpose of nursing a mutual gouty condition in the famous mud springs of that section. The holidays gave them a two weeks’ vacation.

“As I started to say when that twain of juvenile drummers so characteristically interrupted me, there is abundant room for a little sober thinking on the subject of crime,” continued the judge.

“For that reason I got up that commission on criminology,” said the Governor. “Wonder how the parson is going to like being one of them? Nothing allowed but expenses, you know.”

“He will stick on even if he has to pay his own

expenses," was the judge's assuring reply. "I believe he has gone down to New Orleans to marry that Jordan woman. I'll bet my hat on it. Say, Governor, she's a mighty fine woman — never deserved the dose I was compelled to give her."

"It was all right, Judge, to put her through for deliberately killing ———, but when I let her go she had been punished enough."

"Enough, eh! By godfrey, she didn't deserve any at all. What about licentious chaps like that going free? The law can't touch 'em, not even if they send a woman straight to h—l. Take these fellows, too, who won't pay their honest debts, but who are always present at every circus, or prize-fight; the fellow who keeps a woman somewhere while his family is suffering; the fellow who goes on a spree, loses a job, and robs his family; the woman who puts her babe to sleep, locks up the house, and goes out to a ball; those criminal abortionists who strangle the life out of innocent babes and are never caught; the fellow who sells whisky to the man he knows has robbed his family to get it, and then afterwards goes home and proceeds to smash up the furniture; the heckler of a wife who drives her husband frantic with her scornful tongue and ruinous extravagance; and all others of like ilk whom the law cannot reach. They're all criminals, every one of 'em, but the law won't touch 'em. Talk about punishing Mrs. Jordan — it's all tommy-rot. I've kicked myself a dozen times for not dismissing the case before it ever got to the jury."

"There is some force in your position, Judge; but it seems to me that you are slightly pessimistic."

"So I may be, Governor; and I may be crazy, too."

But if the people of this country do not institute some reform in these matters, especially in church work, or philanthropic work, as it really ought to be called, in its general and special methods of preventing crime, we'll all go crazy soon."

"Reform the church and tickle the devil, eh, Judge?"

"About so. The masses demand a common-sense church if they are to be expected to take any interest in it. All mysterious, extraneous rubbish must be cleared away. People, of course, will continue to put on style, and they must also continue to be entertained. The musical programme in the church is all right, but the money plate is all wrong. Let the expenses be assessed to the membership just as any other organization carries on its business. Remove the pulpit and erect a platform. A telling sermon is but a popular lecture. Parson Brundage has the right notion of a sermon, and the right notion of getting out and working among the lowly and forsaken. And it should be fundamentally understood that no man, by divine prerogative, shall stand between another man and his God. Worship is an individual affair even in a congregation. In heaven's name don't call the entertainment features of any church by the sacred name of worship. It is not only a misnomer to do so, but it is also a sacrilege. At the very most, outward ceremonies are only aids to worship. Governor, I want you to understand that worship is nothing more and nothing less than direct communion in silence with the Almighty Control that swings this universe, and an abiding trust in that Almighty Control. Just in proportion as we hearken to the Monitor within do we cease doing wrong. The Friends, or Quakers, act on this prin-

ciple somewhat. You seldom hear of one of their sect going to prison. They listen to the Voice of God — the Christ within — for every thought and action during conscious existence. Their antiquated customs prevent them from growing as a denomination, but if they would modernize their external affairs in church, and conform more to popular demands and customs, their principles would ultimately lead the world in matters religious. 'Progressive Friends,' and Unitarians, aim to do that, but, in doing so, they depart from the true principles of Friends, and ape their orthodox brethren in forms, ceremonies, etc. People are growing more tired of the old blue laws each day. They demand greater freedom and recreation on Sundays. The toiling masses simply insist upon it, and in some sections demand and have it. The fact is, we stand in need of no creeds, sects, dogmas, beliefs, or mythical prognostication. We want *work*, that is, the *doing* of good deeds, a reasonable code of moral ethics, and every member of church privileged to hold only those views in consonance with reason and not inconsistent with good conduct and good faith."

"Well, Judge, you have missed your calling; that was a great sermon. But what about the sin-calloused fellow without any monitor or conscience?" asked the Governor, half in earnest, half in fun.

"That fellow don't exist," said the Judge. "True, you 'can't teach an old dog new tricks'; you can't civilize an old savage; nor very often reform an old drunkard. The hypo. fiend thinks each deadly jab will be the last, but he would sell body and soul to repeat the operation. Governor, we must begin with the children. Therein lies the hope, and the only hope, of practical

results along these lines."

"Why don't you hire a hall and start your new movement agoing?" asked Governor Moran.

"No need for that now in Carson—the parson is doing that work very well. And when he gets about the State on his search for criminal statistics he may be able to spread the new gospel still further."

"The gospel according to Hunsaker?"

"As you please, only so you make it the gospel of true reform. If the parson seems to make it go, why I will donate handsomely to start him down in the States. You know the East is yet the head of this animal called the United States and will remain so for many generations to come. It may be well enough to begin a reform out here, but you will have to take it East, where they have the people, to work it out."

"I will see your ante, Judge, and double it."

"Good! Now maybe it will be a go."

By this time the train had reached the forlorn old town of Santa Fé. A Mexican was hauling a jag of wood on a wobbly little close-reach wagon behind a team composed of a tall, bony horse, and a small, slim mule. The driver sat cocked up on top of the jag with his sombrero pulled down over his face, lazily smoking a pipe.

"Wonder if that load goes to our hotel this chilly morning?" the Governor quizzically remarked.

"It reminds me," said the Judge, "of the prosecution in the Jordan case—it's a peetered out proposition."

Here, in what many believe to be the oldest settlement in the United States, where Nature has so lavishly stored away minerals in great variety, where the climate is the Mecca for despairing mortals lingering with

disease, where the soil needs but the diligent, intelligent touch of man to make it produce an hundredfold of all vegetation, — fruits, cereals, grasses for stock, etc., all in great abundance, — here we find little progress, little improvement, little of anything that goes to make a people great and prosperous. After this grand country shall have become un-Mexicanized, as it were, and thoroughly Americanized, we shall see it rank foremost among the producing, building-up centers of the globe.

All such subjects were very generally discussed by these master minds at the beginning of their sojourn in this (to them) new land, but, ere long, Old Sol came down upon them in all his effulgent warmth, and, along with the listless native, soon lulled them into the sleepy customs of the country.

Before retiring to their rooms on that first night, while standing up to the bar, each decorated with a "nightcap" of toddy, the Judge proceeded to place his glass down on a near table, the Governor doing likewise, and seating themselves for a quiet little game of draw poker, the Judge said:

"The strangeness of these 'diggings' reminds me very forcibly of a long-ago incident that occurred at Placerville, in California, shortly after Marshall had caused so great an influx of immigration through his discovery of gold. These mad rushes for the new fields, as you know, Governor, bring in every kind of mortal, and human life is simply carried in one's hands. Hangtown, as the new settlement was called, contained an unusual number of tough characters, — mostly petty thieves. I was up there defending a poor fellow charged with stealing dust from a camper. I was satisfied the

fellow was innocent, simply from the way he told me his story, and easily arranged for his bail. One evening, just as now, he and I sat down to play a game of draw. Two strangers proposed joining us. They were even strangers to each other. One of them was a 'crook,' and, as I afterward learned, he was the fellow who had stolen the dust. The other fellow was a straight, honest individual, and I later figured with him in numerous *vigilanté* experiences down on the Bay. Well, we let them in and I dealt them out hands. At a crisis, when bets ran high, the 'crook' staked a sack of dust. It was the stolen sack. My new friend instantly covered him with a six-shooter, and placed him under arrest. My client was never tried, but this culprit was very unceremoniously strung up that night. Now, Governor, I hope 'history will not repeat itself' tonight."

"It might not be pleasant, Judge," said the Governor, "but pray tell, who in the world was that nervy friend?"

"Oh, he was a common miner, acting then as a constable and self-appointed detective. His name was Simon Bates. He sailed for Africa not long after that and I have never seen him since he sailed."

Indulging pro and con in a few more reminiscent yarns, the game drew to a close, and they retired.

CHAPTER VIII

THE newly married couple decided to make a wedding tour of their trip home. This was via the southern route to the Pacific, and it was begun at once. One bright morning, as the train was gliding down the slope from Tucson, Eunice said:

"Husband dear, as I once more approach California to bask in that genial clime 'midst orange blossoms and radiant flowers during this lovely Christmastide, it makes me feel very sad. Oh, you true, dear fellow, I know it is hardly right to bring up the past. And I hope to again be surrounded with some of the pleasures experienced in a similar trip to California on a former occasion. Those were the happiest days of my life. But God knows I am happy once more."

"May God grant that your happiness shall continue, Eunice, as mine is upon me in unstinted measure. Perhaps the surroundings in the Pacific's southland will add to your measure," he replied.

"Bless your generous soul, I shall try to make it so. We can bathe in the surf at this season, I am told."

After a few hours of dismal, dusty travel across the great salt basin they approached the orange groves.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Mabel delightedly. "See the great big oranges on the little tiny trees. See! Do you see, mamma! Little green oranges, and heaps of blossoms."

To one beholding this sight for the first time it is awe inspiring.

"Yes, dear; that's the way oranges grow," said Eunice.

"I did not suppose they were a continuous bearer," remarked the parson.

Passing on to San Juan Capistrano Mabel fairly jumped for joy at the sight of the ocean, and the parson seemed equally delighted. Before rounding the head of the bay for Coronado, as was formerly the custom, the parson improvised a verse in honor of the names of some of the stations passed:

National City, San Diego,
Old Town, and then Del Mar,
Encinitas, Oceanside,
From there to San Juan is a very fine ride.

These lines he sung to a little hum tune which seemed to please Mabel greatly and which she never forgot.

One noticeable feature which attracts attention of travelers to the Pacific slope is the retention of the old traditional Spanish names of cities and towns, such as San Bernardino, San Buenaventura, Tia Juana, San Juan Capistrano, Aqua Caliente, Paso Robles, and the like. These old names are idolized by citizens to this day, and in their purity and import suggest, if not in fact recall, many sacred recollections of days ago, when the Spaniard, the Mexican, the Indian, and the pioneers dwelt here in peace, breathing only that freedom which is here realized. The early missionaries clung to these names and did much to memorialize them indelibly. But now comes our great and good Uncle Sam through

his postal chief who is arbitrarily attempting to break up and obliterate those memories by substituting shorter names for the alleged convenience and accuracy of the postal service. The right of Uncle Sam to thus desecrate and wipe out those names of old without Congressional approval is very much doubted, and even if the decapitation process should be legalized it will be well to remember that those people will still continue the use of the nomenclature of their fathers just as faithfully as parents cling to Abraham, William, and Theodore as their offspring is christened, rather than adopt the insidious nicknames of "Abe," "Bill," and "Teddy," just for short.

When the party stepped from the train and were being escorted to the famous hotel their attention was attracted to the floral luxuriance — gorgeous lilies, immense geraniums, beautiful roses, dangling carnations, and orange blossoms — in endless variety. The sun was fast sinking into the heaving swells of old ocean, and later in the night the moon caused a silvery streak to glimmer far out upon the water. The parson was affected at this wondrous display of beauty and offered a touching prayer to the Giver of every perfect gift before retiring for the night. Late in the night he was awakened by a weird moaning on the beach beneath his window and he thought it might be some stranded soul trying to make for shore. He arose, quickly dressed, and without the least hesitancy, went out to the aid of whosoever might be in peril. Eunice and Mabel were deep in slumber and did not hear him go out, but they later heard him when he returned drenched and cold.

"Why, dear," said Eunice, "what have you been

doing?"

"Was out on a little errand of mercy. I heard a distressing moan out on the beach just under our window. It proved to be a deserting sailor who had fallen exhausted after reaching the beach. I dragged him out of his perilous position, where the surf was rolling over him back and forth as if trying to claim him for its own, turned him over to the porter, and here I am, worse off, I guess, than he," was the parson's explanation.

"Oh, you dear, good man, let me ring for some brandy; and you must hurry into bed and not get pneumonia," said Eunice.

"No, no; not brandy. Let me sip, long and deep, of a little cold water — that I find is stimulating — God's stimulant, you know. It always fills the bill."

Such was the mettle of the fearless, sturdy young man who essayed to protect a persecuted little woman he had helped to snatch from the life-doom of a prison.

Time passed delightfully for the remainder of their stay at Coronado. Drives, ocean excursions, yachting trips, bathing in the surf, etc., were indulged in daily. During a yachting trip out at sea in quest of baracouda, Eunice was holding a line and hook baited with red flannel, letting it drag at the stern of the boat. She was soon rewarded with a haul. She drew in an eel-like monster, much to her delight, and deposited it in the bottom of the boat. This is considered to be the rarest of sport, and this species of fish is perhaps the most toothsome that can be caught.

Eunice also became much interested in the old Missions. Some of these decaying structures have stood there for more than a century, and as she gazed upon

them she likened them to the lonely prison from which she had so happily escaped. While there is great disparagement, perhaps, as to the fundamental purposes of the two kinds of institutions — one serving to point out the way to live so as not to find lodgment in the other — yet, to Eunice, each seemed as a lonely, dreary, hopeless place, and she thanked God again that she was free.

It is doubtful if among all the health and pleasure resorts in the world any can be found to surpass the beauties and charms of those surrounding the Bay of San Diego. Majestic Point Loma stands like a stalwart vanguard, rearing up between old ocean and the bay; Cuyamaca at the east, and La Mesa at the south, are towering sentinels overlooking Mexican territory; and the myriad of orange orchards interspersing the outlying districts scent the air with their fragrance. The sandy, barren peninsula, inhabited only by gulls and now and then traversed by a rabbit or a snake, upon whose borders the breakers roll and toss, evidencing the university's perpetuity, where Neptune tempts nymphs and mermaids at all seasons of the year, has been transformed into one of America's most wondrous floral Edens, in the midst of which is that colossal hostelry — the Hotel Del Coronado — whose floors are carpeted by the acre and whose courts and verandas teem with Nature's most remarkable adornments. What more perfect spot could a bride and groom have been placed in to enjoy the nuptial raptures of a honeymoon!

Closing their highly enjoyable but all too brief sojourn at this lovely place, they decided upon taking a trip on the glassy sea, per steamer, to San Francisco. Touring about that city — the New York of the Pacific — from her

Golden Gate Park to the Cliff, and from Mt. Tamalipas to the Berkeley Hills, they proceeded over the Shasta route to Portland. Grandeur never dreamed of stretched from the white-capped Sierras to the base of Mt. Hood, and the meandering Willamette where it merges into the mighty Columbia. One of their fondest delights was their trip by Sound from Olympia to Seattle on the bosom of that the most wondrous, alluring inland sea in the world.

Thence the "Short Line" landed them in Ogden, and, via the Pacific system, they soon again found themselves entering the suburban home of Eunice in old Carson. Believing the odium of her recent incarceration there in prison to be fast dying out she entered that home with renewed hope.

CHAPTER IX

“**B**Y godfrey, Governor! Something besides gout has got a hold of my toe,” shouted the judge.

They were out near a “lunger’s” cabin dabbling their lower limbs in one of the local mud springs so famous in that section of New Mexico. The name of “lunger” seems to have become universal here to distinguish the health seeker with pulmonary weakness from the native dweller. Sometimes in the mud baths there will be a large, lazy, harmless turtle, and it was one of these that had grabbed hold of the judge’s big toe and caused him to remark as quoted.

After carefully nursing the offending member in a manner to indicate that he was sure to lose his toe, first laying on some moist tobacco, saturated with spirits *frumenti*, and then covering the whole with some fresh mud and drinking freely of the contents of that flask containing the medicine always employed by travelers for snake bites, etc., he prayed for deliverance from blood poisoning and an awful death, and was soon less alarmed.

The pair now hobbled over to a grass plot and stretched out at full length in the sun.

“Governor,” said the judge, “to again resume that subject of crime we were discussing as we came into this old town, I want to say that one of the worst crimes we have to deal with is that where the strong persistently

oppress the weak; also the sullen independence of protected corporations in riding over the people and ignoring their rights. Look at the great railroads. Their policy seems to have been adopted by that great trunk line president when he said 'the people be damned,' for, legitimately or otherwise, they crush out and prevent competition either with or by other lines, bringing that masterly skill into their management so that the people are continually ground down by their methods. The transit monopolies of large cities are outrageous. Their governments appear to be so hypnotized or bribed that the people find themselves wholly at their mercy and compelled to put up with their insolences and robberies. The governments of some cities, however, seem to be able to hold these greedy, grasping concerns well in control. Praise be to their names."

"Do I understand you to say, Judge, that competition ever competes?" asked the Governor.

"Yes; the *real thing* will compete all right. The remedy for corporate and public crime is the ballot. But in order to get a square, intelligent vote registered and counted, we must first have square, intelligent voters and election officers. The sleepy old dominant parties in some places become mere mechanical, boss-ridden machines, even though legally organized and conducted. It is necessary that the machine should be run by the voters instead of letting the machine run the voters and the elections. Yellow journalism, that sensational brand of publication which caters to the morbid cravings of a community and poisoning its very life's blood, can never cause a change. Close party results at elections is about the most potent weapon the people have, especially if

that weapon be wielded by an intelligent ballot. In the crowded cities of the East there appears to be great need of some substantial relief."

"But, Judge," said the Governor, "why concern ourselves about affairs in the East?" Then, as if selecting his words, thinking of the corporate parent which had placed him in the gubernatorial chair, he continued, "We have our own corporations out here, but really they need but little watching."

"The greedy anaconda that winds across our fair state is far beyond our control, perhaps, and I admit that our people are freer from political corruption than almost anywhere in the East, even if, as I hinted the other day, we are regarded as being 'wild and woolly,' and uncouth, and ill-mannered. Effective reform movements may well begin with us and their lesson will travel East," was the judge's reply.

"They say back East, Judge, that all we raise out here is sagebrush, jack-rabbits, Piutes, United States Senators, and hell," the Governor laughingly said.

"Yes; and they believe it, too, for it has become a habit of thought. What creatures of habit we all are! That's where common-sense religion comes in. It teaches us to listen to the Monitor, and thus form the habit of correct, wholesome thinking and doing right for the pure love of right."

"Well, there you go again on that 'Monitor' hobby of yours," said the Governor. "You were certainly cut out for a preacher, Judge."

"Shouldn't wonder, Governor," he replied, smilingly. "But, do you know how I came to get hold of that hobby?"

"No, Judge; how was it?"

"Why it was through that Jordan woman," the judge began. "She has fairly carried me away with her beautiful presentment of it. Even while over there in Murphy's care she seemed to be one of the most Christian-like women I ever knew. Murphy says he never saw her like. Most women would have been weighted down with grief and remorse, and instead of religiously and philosophically making the best of it, they would have gone all to pieces. Not she. The Monitor told her not to. By obeying that inward admonition she got the parson interested in her. This, of course, she did unconsciously, yet it resulted in getting her released from prison, and most likely, also, in securing him for a husband."

Hanging his head low, as if in deep thought, the judge continued: "By godfrey; I wouldn't mind being in the parson's shoes. That woman is a jewel."

"She seems, indeed, to be a very fine woman, Judge," said the Governor, "but I can't understand your sentimentality."

"If your past had been mine you would understand it all right," said the judge. Then as if fearing that he might reveal some secret he was harboring he changed the course of his remarks. "But, I was only trying to explain that Monitor idea—that keynote of all true religion—that was all."

It was more than ordinarily interesting, this discussion going on between the jurist who adjudges the law and the man sworn to execute it. Enough has been narrated, however, to elucidate their respective notions of reform, especially so in the case of the judge who

appears to have been the least conservative and non-committal of the two. During the remainder of their vacation they continued to soak their feet in the sulphur baths and discuss all manner of issues, some important while others were exceedingly trivial for men of their casts of mind, and finally returned to their respective official posts well repaid for the trip.

Congratulations were showered upon the parson and his bride from every quarter, and were especially directed toward the parson for the heroic, manly step he had taken. He resumed church work at once. What degree of ostracism might have obtained for his bride had he not secured her hand in marriage, is hard to conjecture, but none was in evidence now. Little children soon forgot a distinction that had been made against Mabel, and it was not long before the reorganized family fully realized that they were in good standing.

Eunice at first held herself very closely in retirement and worked incessantly in her studio. Some of Nevada's foremost citizens called for sittings, and her patronage for sketch work was also flattering. Needing more recreation she and Mabel soon began to accompany the parson on his trips about the state in quest of criminal statistics. They were not infrequently the guests of some leading family over Sunday, for the parson was usually invited to preside in some pulpit in every town. His sermons became merely plain talks or lectures on the general subject of crime, and seemed to strike a popular chord. The churches were becoming revolutionized, — that is, they began doing more and more philanthropic work out in the "Vineyard," and less and less exploiting of mythical, enigmatical folderol in the general service.

CHAPTER X

THE ten years intervening between the time the Brundages arrived in Carson and the present were fraught with much that is in common with all experiences, and, therefore, of no special interest in connection with our narrative. But we now come to a commencement, as it were, of a new series of incidents, both interesting and instructive.

First among these events is the "coming out" party given in honor of Miss Mabel Jordan. Although yet young she was well advanced in mental and physical development. There was also a fair-haired little son of eight now swaying, convulsing, and managing the Brundage family, and of course he imagined that this party was being given especially for his pleasure, and he was the 'biggest toad in the puddle' on the occasion. The preparations, though not elaborate, had been going on for weeks, and presented a pretty appearance. Mabel had grown tall and stately, her vivaciousness, culture, and beauty causing her to shine with conspicuous lustre during the entire evening. Admiring friends, especially the young gentlemen, clustered around her eagerly seeking to engage her in conversation. Up to the present period of her life callers had been very few and select.

Among those of the older order who had been honored with special invitations to be present were Judge Hunsaker and Senator Moran, each whitened with the marks of Time. Being bachelors they came without

ladies. Nevada's unusual quota of single men of the older type seems to find an explanation in the fact that the great Comstock lode, when first discovered, attracted gold seekers in unprecedented numbers, and these pioneers were for the most part unmarried men. The judge and senator were but residues of that dauntless element.

The judge's nephew, a Mr. Henry Clements, who had but recently been admitted to the bar and opened an office in Reno, being on a visit to the judge at the time of this party, was present unexpectedly as a side guest without a formal invitation. Explanations of his presence on the part of the judge were made, and Henry was early introduced to Mabel. He quickly recalled that he had seen her somewhere before, and, for a long while it puzzled his brain to think where and when it was he had seen her. Presently, while dancing a dreamy waltz at her side, it came to him like a flash.

"Miss Jordan," he said, "where could it have been that I had the pleasure of meeting you once before? I mean, where do you suppose it was that I saw you?"

"Really, I can't imagine," was her somewhat puzzled reply.

"Let us go and be seated and I will try and enlighten you on that point," he quietly suggested.

Finding seats a little side of the main throng the conversation was resumed.

"Come, Mr. Clements, I am anxious to learn where it was that you once beheld such an unimportant personage as I prior to this occasion," Mabel began.

"Well, it was this way," said Henry. "A little tot, that is to say, once upon a time a little tot seemed to be accompanying her parents on a sea beach. The trio

were dressed in bathing suits and were not being observed, as they probably supposed. Not so, however. A big, awkward boy was watching them. He became interested in their movements from the fact that they did not appear to be familiar with the capers of the surf at the place in question, and he anticipated the very thing that happened. The parents were lying at full length on the warm bed of sand, in close proximity, while the aforesaid little tot was covering them over from head to feet with sand. She had succeeded in forming a high, white mound, and, when about to finish her rather irksome task, there came a genuine surprise for all three. A freakish breaker had suddenly chased the little tot off the beach, and completely engulfed the sleeping pair in its mad rush. Now, Miss Jordan, if I mistake not you were that same little tot."

"Yes; and you were the observer," said Mabel. "Mr. Brundage pointed you out to me the next day, Mr. Clements, while you were in the act of cutting some roses for a guest, and said that you were the porter he had turned the deserting sailor over to on the previous night."

"Yes, Miss Jordan, I distinctly remember the incident," Henry quickly admitted.

"Well, Mr. Clements," she said, "I am glad we have renewed our somewhat romantic acquaintance. Somehow I feel that we are no longer to remain strangers."

Finishing their waltz, opportunity for further conversation that evening between them alone did not present itself. Henry could not help repeating those bewitching words "no longer strangers."

As Mabel ushered him to the door at the close of the

social she almost unconsciously urged him to call again, and, after he had gone, she wondered why she should feel such an interest in a stranger.

Before voting to go home the judge asked Eunice for an explanation of a wonderfully attractive picture that adorned the farther end of the large, double parlors. The parson, during the evening, had told him privately that this picture was her masterpiece, and that it was conceived and painted while she was yet boarding at the public's expense with Mr. and Mrs. Murphy.

Eunice had been persuaded much against her inclination to let this picture adorn her home, and, now to be called upon to explain it before invited guests, caused still greater doubt as to the propriety of doing so. However, after a little further importuning, she assented.

"My friends," she said, arising and approaching the large gilded frame, "I will do the best I can. The scene of this sketch is an old landmark in Italy, near the city of Rome, and to me it represents five figures,—Faith, Hope, Charity, Works, and the Inward Monitor, or Prayer. . . . The giant oak among the rocks represents Faith. His strong roots enable him to stand firm in every storm, while his trembling branches maintain unflinching trust in his Protector, the God of nature. . . . In the hue of darkness about the distant storm cloud may be seen the faint outline of a rainbow blending its prismatic colors about the form of a hovering angel. That figure is Hope. . . . The placid waters of the little rivulet under the hill, where the shepherd has taken his flock, is Charity. In this figure we see that the bounties of Nature are intended alike for all of God's creatures. . . . Works is portrayed in that natural bulwark of strength

and support — the large, mossy rock at the edge of the bank. Though silent and unpretentious he holds back the water of the ever-encroaching stream and prevents it from undermining the sturdy oak. . . . Now note the shepherd peering into the distance. A 'still, small voice' admonishes him to do this, nor cease till he shall find and bring back the lost sheep. That, my friends, is my figure for the 'Monitor,' or 'the soul's sincere desire,' which is Prayer. I could elaborate still further but I now leave the painting to do that for itself."

The applause was both generous and hearty, and after it ceased, the judge (it should be stated that his Honor was now a justice of the Supreme Court) asked the privilege of saying a word. His request was unanimously granted, and, slowly rising, he said:

"All honor to the fair young maiden for whom this most delightful party was given. May she live long, prosper, be happy, and make the world better for her presence in it as her mother and father are doing. Now, this beautiful painting, taking into consideration the environment under which it was produced, is probably without a rival among all the sketches that have ever been put on canvas. It is no secret to you, the real friends of our hostess, the environment to which I refer. We trust she has outlived its sting, and buried its odium. Her detention was a foul blot on the pages of our otherwise fair state's history. This picture is emblematic of its author's purity, nobility, and virtue. May God bless her and spread her silver threads with a light hand."

In response Eunice said:

"Judge Hunsaker, your words sink deep into my heart. But had you not performed well your part, along

with Senator Moran and our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, and, in this connection, I must not forget to mention my dear husband, — I say, had it not been for all these uplifting influences, for which I shall breathe gratitude to my dying day, your words of cheer, consolation, and helpfulness, would not be possible tonight.”

Thus ended one of the most remarkable social gatherings ever held in the state of Nevada.

Henry Clements grew rapidly into popularity, and with it, into a fine, select practice. He found it a great pleasure and convenience to have an uncle, learned in the law, at such close range as Carson, and hence made frequent trips to that place. During these visits he seldom failed to call and pay his respects to the Brundages, but more especially to Miss Jordan. Political preferment seemed to be his fate, although he refrained for a long time from identifying himself with the dominant party. An editor of a local newspaper called on him one day to get permission to use his name as a candidate for the legislature that fall.

“Mr. Clements,” said the editor, “we can send you over to represent Washoe if you but say the word.”

At first he declined the honor, but through the specious machinations of reasoning presented, he finally said:

“All right; if my friends, with unanimity, agree to it I am willing to go. But I must go before that convention with clean hands, and if I am to go to the legislature I must be free to vote and act on all questions as I think best, wholly independent of any clique or machine.”

"That's the stuff," said the editor.

The next issue of the *Eagle* announced his candidacy, with his full proviso, and he was later nominated and elected. That fall he temporarily closed his law office in Reno in order to live with his uncle in Carson during the session of the legislature next to ensue.

The first important bill to come up in his branch sought to limit the Governor in his pardoning powers. The people had forced this measure to come up in consequence of the general discussion all over the state in consequence of the pardon of Mrs. Jordan. In these matters Henry was not thoroughly posted and, while delivering his maiden speech on this bill, he little thought of its future effect concerning himself. He bitterly denounced the proposition as being fundamentally unsound and unconstitutional.

"Tie the hands of the Chief Executive," he said, "and you contravene our co-ordinate form of government; you abort the ends of justice; and finally you deprive us of our natural rights, aye, it may be of our very liberty, vouchsafed us in our constitution and forms of government."

"That 'contravene' idee may be all right for the new fledglings coming to this body," said a member from Elko, "but we can't afford to let another sentimentalist turn out a murderer as Moran did ten years ago."

"I am not conversant with what a Governor may have done ten years ago, were he a sentimentalist or a tyrant," said Henry, "but there seems to be a precedent for that sort of alleged sentimentalism which the gentleman from Elko can hardly reflect upon. I refer to Lincoln when he refused to affix his name to death warrants

for deserters during the civil war. Lincoln said a man was not always directly accountable for his acts; that a deserter could not always help deserting; and, Mr. Speaker, I want to go on record as agreeing with the greatest executive the world has ever known. We must let the responsibility for pardons rest right where it is. A Governor, remember, is an oath-bound official."

"Jes' so," again chimed in the gentleman from Elko, "but the gentleman from Washoe must not think he is living in war times now."

This sally brought forth much laughter. Henry, not the least daunted, replied: "The gentleman from Elko beggars the point. Yes, the war is over, even though they may still be voting for Jackson in the Elko district. [Laughter.] But, Mr. Speaker, I desire to see the Governor free to act in all matters that may be properly his prerogative. The pardoning power is most assuredly one of these. Along with prosecution often comes persecution. A Governor may have evidence conclusive as to persecution, and who is it that may want to see innocent Christian persons languish in prison, or go to the gallows, where a reasonable doubt of guilt may exist; persons whom God would prosper were they free?"

Henry all this while, realizing that the *Times* would most likely harshly criticise his attitude, and ridicule his speech, wondered what Mabel would think of his conduct. The following evening he ventured to call at the Brundage home and explain any possible erroneous conclusions they might have arrived at from reading the *Times*.

"Glad you came out to see us," was Mabel's greeting. "But you have missed mamma and Mr. Brundage. They have gone out for the evening."

This announcement was a pleasing surprise. "Ah," he said, "I shall have to defer the pleasure of meeting them and, in this instance, thrust myself upon you all alone, Miss Jordan."

Seeking to quickly change this trend of conversation, Mabel said: "I see you have made your initial speech, Mr. Clements. I think the hateful old *Times* is just awful."

"I guess the speech was awful, Miss Jordan," he said, "and deserved all the adverse criticism it got. You see they make a fellow say things on the impulse when bills are up for discussion, — things one might not say on reflection."

"Well, I read your speeches, and also what the old *Times* said about it, and your talk did not deserve such censure. It was manly, and had the ring of conscience and liberty in it."

"You flatter me," he said. "I hardly expected that you would be such a pleasing critic."

The evening passed as almost any evening of that kind will pass where two admirers of the opposite sex are entertaining each other. That is to say, it passed very pleasantly. Henry found out just what he went to find out, that was, just what impression the *Times'* criticism had made upon the Brundages, especially upon Mabel.

Several days elapsed before the "fledgling from Washoe" again attracted attention in the Assembly. The *Times* had fastened the new title upon him and he found it hard to remove. A bill to increase the penalty for larceny was up on final passage. It was popular, and very warmly supported, for there had been an

unusual amount of petty thievery going on in all parts of the state.

"Mr. Speaker," he said, after succeeding in securing a nod from the Chair, "I have not had time to go carefully into this matter until this late hour, but I strongly oppose this measure and offer an amendment, which I have just sent up to the Clerk. Today I chanced to pick up Vol. III, Reports of the Commissioners on Criminology, and on page 16 it says, 'We find in nearly every case of larceny a diseased condition of the culprit caused either from intoxicating drink, from opium in some form, or from other nefarious habits, or from unhealthful environments, and we, therefore, earnestly recommend, since at least seventy per cent. of the cases have been traced to those causes, that the laws imposing penalties therefor should be amended and made less severe, and provision made for reformatory treatment.'"

Henry did not know that this was the finding and language of Parson Brundage, but within a few minutes he suspected as much.

"The gentleman from Washoe is again digging up dead issues," said the Elko representative. "That report is older than a decent horse."

"But unlike some other reverberating reports we hear often—it has lots of horse sense," was Henry's tart reply.

"That is the only kind of sense it well could have," rejoined the Elko spokesman, "for it was gotter up by a one-horse preacher."

"Let that be so," said Henry, now warming up to his subject, "but it purports to be founded upon statistical data, and, sir, let us give these half-crazed culprits

a better chance. Our great state owes it to them."

"Oh, yes; you sentimental fellers would play hob and turn criminals loose," said a member from Roop.

"Not at all," said Henry, appealingly. "If a crime, if actual larceny be clearly established, let the culprit suffer the full penalty of the law whatever it may be. But let us as fair men amend our law to justly meet all cases. Is it not a fact, that under our system of encouraging greed and avarice as a 'survival of the fittest' would seem to result from the economical doctrine we practice; I say, is it not a fact that it requires shrewd discernment to tell just where larceny begins and just where a sharp bit of business ends? We all incline to take all we can get—rightfully, presumptively, but often wrongfully in fact."

During the following summer a convention of the dominant party placed Clements at the head of the gubernatorial ticket. This action was equivalent to his election that same fall. He had in the meantime courted Mabel and secured the promise of her hand in marriage.

Successes sometimes come on with such force and frequency that they turn the heads of the strongest men. This proved to be the case with Henry. He could scarcely longer doubt that destiny was carrying him rapidly on to fame. He had not reopened his office in Reno but remained permanently in Carson. An occasional glass had increased to frequent imbibing and disgraceful carousals. He was a royal good fellow among the boys. Money seemed to be easily earned and as

quickly spent. Finding that his habits were not made public he drank to greater excess and grew bolder.

Oh, if a ban could be put on the social glass,—if treating were only unpopular and even prohibited,—such noble men as Henry Clements would never fall victims to the curse of rum. His instincts were lofty, his impulses God-given. But not being trained and disciplined to listen to and heed the ever-present warnings of the Inward Monitor his social nature was seductively preyed upon and the curse of drink began to drag him down.

While he was in bestial carousal one night at a popular drinking resort Mabel and the parson passed the door and heard and saw a sight that Mabel could not believe to be real. There was Henry standing on a chair, holding high a glass of liquor, and exclaiming in maudlin, incoherent words:

“Gem’en, here’s lookin’ at the nex’ Guv’nor. Every man that votes for me must carry home a load of booze. Come up! Everybody!”

“Come on away,” said the parson, “it’s only a drunken brawl—no place for you here, Mabel.”

Mabel stood as if riveted to the spot, but soon recovering her senses she said: “All right; I guess you are right. We are *not* needed.”

She saw and knew all. But the parson had not recognized anyone in particular, and that was well, perhaps, for in dealing with such matters, his frank, open nature would not let him use the same diplomatic weapons that Mabel and her mother could use in handling such a case.

On their arrival home Eunice was taken into the confidence of this heart-broken child, and counseled a

tender but resolute movement on Mabel's part to meet and conquer, not the man, but his worst enemy.

"You know, darling," she said, sympathetically, "he has a good heart, and is, therefore, reclaimable."

"Oh," sobbed Mabel, "I do wish I did not love him. It is so cruel, so crushing! He never told me he drank."

"And I never expected to hear such a report, either," said Eunice, "but it is his friends in politics that are doing it, Mabel; he has been unguarded. Never was thief more stealthy in robbing the soul; no slave bound in stronger chains than the victim of alcohol. We must reclaim him, that's all; reclaim him before it is everlastingly too late."

Mabel well knew the sympathetic side of her mother's nature. Therefore, in this new and unexpected emergency she decided to think and act for herself. She sought seclusion in which to calmly plan for what seemed to her to be a herculean task, all the while asking divine guidance.

Although her engagement had been announced, and, in fact, many minor preparations being made for their coming marriage, her first fixed decision was to the effect that there must be an indefinite postponement of its consummation. "I have seen too many broken-hearted wives," she soliloquized, "who gave way, under similar circumstances, and were married in the belief and hope that the tempering power of love would very soon conquer, and unity and peace soon follow. But, I must not be one of these. I must conquer before marriage, and conquer in unmistakable terms, or I shall never be able to conquer at all."

Then Mabel next decided to become wholly able to

care and provide for herself. She now seemed to realize the necessity of never placing herself at the mercy of any man because of incapacity to make her own living. She would enter a business college and learn stenography and typewriting. She seemed to have no special talent for art, but did have rather striking business inclinations. She would start the next week and never close the college door behind her until she should possess a diploma. She would then work in an office at least for one year before entering into the marriage relation. This decision and its being carried into effect, might be very displeasing to Henry; in fact, he might break off the engagement. That, however, would not deter her from carrying out the plan. The "Monitor" told her it was her right course — her duty. She still loved Henry and would be true as steel to him, but until he gave evidence of reform, and until she had received her business diploma, their marriage could not take place. Little did she know that the lack of just such discernment was the cause of the greatest sorrow her mother ever knew. All too confiding, the very jaws of death seemed to lure Eunice into the tempter's snare. Mabel was to be spared this. Instead of yielding too early to the entrancing, hypnotic pleadings of her lover, and being dragged down to endless misery, she would pursue the course most likely to "make two hearts that beat as one" happy indeed. Imploring Heaven's help she registered a vow, though she fairly idolized Henry, not to become his wife on any other terms, and sealed this vow from the world in her bosom.

On the following Sunday afternoon Henry drove up

to the Brundage home in a fine carriage, behind a pair of dapple grays, to take his intended out for a drive. It was one of those characteristically beautiful days so common in Nevada, and people gazed admiringly upon their Governor-to-be so gallantly driving with his lady love. As they drove through the principal residence section of the town they presented a magnificent appearance, and Henry was compelled to raise his hat at nearly every turn.

"Mabel," said Henry, who had been lightly conversing on general topics till they had well cleared the town, now more free to talk of the one and only theme uppermost in his mind, "you have not yet suggested a date for the happy event; you know I am leaving that entirely with you. But, dear, you must not let me grow impatient."

"I hope not to do that, Henry," she said, with extreme adroitness, and in a manner not to give the least inkling to her soul's secret, "but don't you think it is well to defer the date until —"

"Until nothing," he interrupted, anticipating that she had the election in mind. "My election is assured, and you are to preside at the Governor's mansion beyond a doubt."

"Oh, I don't doubt the election," she said, "but there are more serious obstacles, I fear."

"What do you mean?" he demanded. "Anything as to myself?"

The team was now heading homeward and had quieted down to a lazy walk. Mabel was now put to the severest test of self-control that she had ever known.

"Henry, dear," she finally replied, "it pains me

grievously to think of opposing you in any matter pertaining to your personal pleasure, but that to which I am now about to refer concerns our mutual welfare. I want you to promise me,—and if you promise I will believe you,—I want you to promise to never take a drink of intoxicating liquor. Will you?"

"Why, dear, who has been putting notions in your head? Is it the work of some of the jealous wives, or daughters, of my political enemies?" he asked.

"No, Henry," she answered. "No person has spoken of this to me. But I realize the constant temptation that politics carries in all such matters, and I simply ask you to make the promise in order to feel safer, that's all. The curse and crime of drink is awful. One of its worst features is, through purely social influences, it grasps its subject with an insinuating, beguiling innocence, and seldom lets go till the poor victim fills a drunkard's grave. Besides loving you, as God knows I do, I must know that you are never to fall within that grasp. Until by your promise and by your life you demonstrate that you totally abstain from the damning drink, the day of our marriage cannot be fixed."

Henry was dumfounded. He could not tell just how much Mabel knew concerning his habits, but was fearful she knew too much. He would endeavor to calm her fears, but could make no rash promise, at least not until after the election and inauguration. He could not jeopardize his election by any apparent change of front in social circles. But secretly he thought he could avoid many of the complicating circumstances that lead to those surroundings and not necessarily drink again.

As they approached the Brundage home Henry said:

"Never fear for me, little one. You shall never have any regrets on the score of drink on my account. True, during this campaign I have occasionally indulged in a social glass, but I can stop even that if it is going to worry you."

"Oh, do, my blessed boy, do," she said as he lifted her down from the carriage.

Mabel stood at the gate and watched the carriage till it passed out of view.

She had not gained the promise.

He had not learned the day.

CHAPTER XI

PARSON BRUNDAGE was becoming very proud of Clements, especially in his astuteness in rapidly rising to fame, and believed in him implicitly. During breakfast next morning he casually remarked:

"That was a fine team the coming Governor had out yesterday, Mabel. I suppose you will own one like it when you become sub-governor."

"Oh, I don't know," she said, somewhat peevishly. "By the way, mamma, I am going down to enter the business college today."

"Why, you surprise me, Mabel," said the parson.

"Yes; I am going to try and learn stenography."

"Is that to save the Governor an item of public expense?" queried the parson.

"No," Mabel replied; "I do this to enable me to become self-supporting should such an emergency ever arise."

"Not expecting to go over the salary limit, eh?" was the parson's quizzical rejoinder. "Well, Mabel, if you really are in earnest, and sure that Mr. Clements will not object to an arrangement of this kind, I will go down and assist in the matter of entry."

"That will be very kind of you," she said, and so this course was decided upon and carried out.

"Eunice," asked the parson, after he returned from the college, "what's got into Mabel, anyway?"

Then followed an explanation of what Mabel had beheld a few evenings previous, and the parson was thunderstruck.

"She had better break off that engagement," was his ready suggestion.

"No, dear," said Eunice, "she is going to try and reform him, mainly for his own sake, and I believe she will succeed, too. You now understand why she wishes to learn to be self-supporting, don't you?"

"Very sensible. And has the day been named?"

"No; and it won't be until she has evidence of reform."

"Chip off the old block," was all he said.

"Henry is a truly noble fellow, and Mabel now realizes that she has a religious duty and a responsibility to perform. The Monitor says she must have patience along with love, nor cease till she completely overthrows that deadly enemy seeking to devour his body and soul."

The *Times'* editor was a drinking man and for that reason nothing ever appeared in the pages of that organ pertaining to anyone drinking. But when one of its reporters got a hint that the coming Mrs. Clements had entered a business college, insinuations would now and then appear such as these:

"Wisdom teaches many a maiden that a business course before marriage is a wise course."

"Aspirants for high honors are at times compelled to come down off the perch in matters purely matrimonial."

These reflections tended to exasperate Henry, but he was too shrewd to let that fact be known. But it drove

him to the thought that a better understanding with Mabel was imperative. So during his next mid-week call he said:

"I hear you have entered business college."

His tone and direct statement indicated his displeasure.

"Yes, Henry, I started Monday, and it is just lovely," she replied with not the least shading of apology. "Nothing wrong about it, is there?"

"Not exactly wrong, Mabel," he said. "But I am surprised, if this has been your ambition, that you never spoke about it, especially since our engagement."

"Dear, you do lots of things that you never speak to me about, don't you?" she coolly asked.

He was nonplused, and could not divine her meaning.

Detecting his discomfiture she quickly resumed:

"Now, Henry; what about that promise?"

"Oh, pshaw, Mabel," he said, petulantly, "you incline to make that matter altogether too serious."

"Just as you do, perhaps, dear, about my college course," was her ready reply, "but, Henry, I shall never ask it again if it is going to annoy you."

"It doesn't annoy me half so much as your entering college does," he said.

"In that," she said, with great deliberation, "I have a purpose, noble and pure, — that of being able to take care of myself if anything ever occurs to make it necessary. And in asking your promise to totally abstain from drink I have a still higher purpose, born of the love and esteem in which I hold you, — not to try and reclaim you after the enemy has carried you beyond reach, but to save you now and forever from his maddening clutches."

"Well, dear, that matter does seem to concern you deeply. My admission of trivial attention to an occasional social glass should not be of such momentous weight. Now, dear, just as soon as I can do so safely (he still had the election in mind) I shall cheerfully comply with your very earnest but really very foolish request."

She kissed him for this declaration of intention but asked: "Why can it not be done safely now?"

The gubernatorial goal being uppermost in his mind he pleaded, like the skillful lawyer he was, for a little more time.

"Now, little one," he said, "you have converted me on the college matter. Go ahead with it. In addition to presiding over our home perhaps I can employ you in my office. Lawyers can always find something for stenographers to do, and, besides, it would keep you from getting jealous of some other one."

This little sally provoked a smile from Mabel, and she retorted:

"In these days it is hard to designate the true wife from a helpmeet, not helpmate, you know. Aristocracy would demand idleness and sheer unconcern for the best interests of the home. But, you see, Henry, I am not planning to be a mere plaything in your home for you to grow tired of. At least some of the responsibility should fall on me."

"Sensible little soul that you are," said Henry. "Forget my unintentional thrust. Destiny seems to be carrying me on a popular wave for the time being. But I know full well that it cannot ever be so. Some day we shall nestle in our unostentatious little home as happy and as free as birds, each a help to the other, and both

a unit in rendering that home the most sacred spot on earth. Go ahead with your purpose, Mabel, for I am now convinced that it is necessary to a possible condition that might some day confront you. But, may God grant that you will be spared the necessity of ever bringing it into requisition through any fault or neglect on my part."

This manly statement filled Mabel with renewed hope, for it showed clearly the high and holy aspirations he had in mind. She felt free now to keep on at college.

Kissing his fiancée good-night Henry went away that night in newer and deeper thought concerning the responsibilities connected with the alliance he was seeking to form. Even the delay that Mabel's course would necessitate no longer weighed heavily upon him. He felt that all was working out for good.

The election that fall gave Clements a flattering majority for Governor, and the mid-winter inaugural was a brilliant affair. But everybody wondered why he should continue to pay such abiding attention to Mabel Jordan if he did not intend marrying her—an event contemplated in the public mind long before.

Mabel had graduated and was now private secretary to ex-Governor, now Senator Moran. Her contract with the Senator included work in Nevada only,—that is to say, she would not be required to accompany the senator to Washington.

Parson Brundage declared that Henry was a model of circumspection. He believed he had reformed in the

matter of drink, for he had seen him turn down his glass at an informal luncheon given by Judge Hunsaker one evening.

The inaugural function was accorded much space in the *Times*, and that sheet ridiculed the Governor for omitting wine at the ceremony.

Mabel was now convinced that Henry would hold inviolate his sacred promise, but enough time had not elapsed to make the assurance an absolutely safe one, for in public life there is constant temptation. He importuned her to name the day, and she would suavely parley for delay, first on one pretext and then another, but without in the least ruffling his feelings. She was a conspicuous figure at the inaugural ball, and when the Governor promenaded in the grand march with her on his arm the applause was loud and prolonged.

Society's frown upon Mabel's lowly station in being a mere wage-earner was more than counterbalanced by her beauty, her attractiveness, and her intelligence. Besides, there was an undercurrent of belief that she was not working from necessity, but from ulterior motives.

"Miss Jordan," said the senator, one day, "I am booked, next week, you know, on a junket to inspect Yosemite Park. I want you to accompany me, as I shall have important transcripts to prepare for the Senate. By the way, take your mother along at my expense; the outing will do her good. You know it is delightful over there at this season. What do you say?"

Mabel's first thought was as to what effect her absence would have on Henry. But she quickly decided to trust him.

"I shall be delighted to go, senator," she said, "but

I can't speak for mamma. I will bring her answer in the morning."

Eunice was pleased with this proposal and the party got away early the next week. Henry pouted a little at first, but yielded gallantly as he would to any reasonable request from the sweetheart whom he grew to adore more and more.

Their stay lengthened from one of proposed days into one of unknown weeks. Late one evening Henry received the following note which announced something more definite than any of her former letters had done:

DEAR HENRY:—I think I can now safely promise that we will start home within a fortnight. The work has assumed much greater proportions than the senator had counted upon. Be a good boy till I return, and accept my undying love. But you do not know how very very much I want to see you. Mamma asks to be remembered.

MABEL.

At this juncture the parson called to inquire if Henry could tell why the senator was keeping Eunice and Mabel away so long.

"Perhaps this will explain, Mr. Brundage," he said, as he handed him Mabel's note.

The next morning these two men, neither conversant with the other's plan, boarded the train for Yosemite.

"Off on a little ministerial mission, Mr. Brundage?" was Henry's inquiry, as if to hide his own mission.

"Yes; I am going to minister to Mrs. Brundage," said the parson. "I am afraid Senator Moran may have traded her for ransom."

"Yosemite, eh?" said Henry. "Well, that's my destination, also."

"Going to patch up some fences with the senator, I expect," the parson said with a smile.

"That's not a bad guess," said Henry. "I want to see if he does not need an assistant secretary."

Thus the conversation ran lightly till they reached Stockton. Here they procured private conveyance and rode out to one of the great wonders of Nature, some forty miles away, the indescribable Yosemite Park.

It was midnight when they drove up to their hotel. The ladies had retired, but there sat the senator entertaining a small group of forty-niners with incidents of an early day. It was decided not to disturb the ladies with the news of their arrival, but to surprise them at breakfast.

The senator and ladies were sipping their coffee the next morning when in came the parson linked on the arm of Nevada's new Governor.

"Bless me, mamma! There comes Henry and Mr. Brundage!" exclaimed Mabel, as she caught sight of them.

Seats had been reserved at the senator's table and a more delightful party never ate breakfast in Yosemite Park.

"Of course, Mabel," began Henry, when out for a stroll later in the day, 'neath those towering rocks that so vividly portray the wonders of creation, "you should keep your promise with the Senator, if you think it right to do so. No one else could very well take up your notes, now, on this work, in a manner to be satisfactory to the senator. But I want to say that my errand here is made

at this time to have you fix the day for our marriage, and, let me say, too, that I shall not set foot on Nevada soil again until you do so."

Mabel had anticipated that this was his possible mission and, hence, without the least hesitancy, said: "Henry, you dear, patient fellow, how will the coming May Day suit you?"

"Charming! And you will be my Queen!" he replied, giving her one of those assuring hugs that lovers on such occasions mutually enjoy. "I shall return to Nevada tomorrow — the happiest man in the state."

The Governor was looking over some pardon papers one day after the legislature had adjourned.

"Dunbar," he said, addressing his private secretary, "do you know anything about that Miller case where the fellow was convicted, some years ago over in your neighborhood, for stealing a pair of horses from the Verdi Lumber Company? He got twenty years, and his friends have sent in a strong petition for his pardon."

"Yes, Governor, I remember it very well," said the secretary. "I assisted in the prosecution. His defense was very poorly handled. It was based on a jurisdiction point solely, they alleging the horses were not stolen in Nevada, but, if stolen at all, it was across the line in California. The court overruled this point and left them without a leg to stand on, and the jury quickly convicted the accused. I hated to see the judge give him twenty years. He seemed like an honest, hard-working, but ignorant fellow, and I believe had merely misjudged his rights. The company owed him about \$200 in uncol-

lected wages. He was supporting an old aunt down in Colfax. The company held his signed contract which compelled him to take goods out of their store in payment for his wages. He refused to do this, claiming that he did not understand that he had made such an agreement, protesting that he needed the money badly. He remained at work driving team, and one day deliberately took his team way down into Inyo county, sold it, and sent the money to his aunt. He was subsequently captured, tried, convicted, and sentenced. That was four years ago today."

This petition, although in the interest of an unknown, ignorant convict, was the source of much worry to Henry. That evening he brought up the subject in the Brundage home.

"Henry," said Mabel, sympathetically, after she became a little familiar with the story, "that poor, unfortunate fellow has been locked up long enough. I believe you will be richly rewarded for releasing such as he."

Henry thought little or nothing about being rewarded. He always felt better for doing what he conceived to be right, and that was the richest of all rewards.

For a time Eunice could not speak. Memories of her own prison experience were crowding in upon her and causing tears to flow as they had not done for many a day. Finally she regained control and said:

"Mr. Clements, that man was driven frantic by corporation greed. Technically he violated law, but that corporation was the greater wrongdoer of the two. In my mind it is a question whether the poor fellow was accountable for his act. You cannot know what a

strange, uncontrollable impulse will sometimes seize the weak when oppressed by the strong. They seem to think that legal redress is impossible. In God's mercy I implore you to grant the pardon."

Henry remained silent. He seemed to realize that he was on trial himself before the people of the state, and did not wish to commit himself in undue haste.

"Governor," said the parson, "I threshed out that straw while I was yet a member of the Criminology Commission. We found that in about seventy per cent. of all larceny cases there had been either a diseased mind, an uncontrollable impulse, or a justifiable appropriation. In this Miller case which you are now considering we found it to have been of the last named order. I would urge that you grant his pardon."

Henry remembered having seen the report to which the parson referred, and the little squall it raised while he was in the legislature. He could scarcely repress a desire to laugh aloud as those memories crowded in upon him. But the surroundings were too solemn for such vent, even though it was the same "one-horse preacher" quoting his own report. As he took his seat at his desk in the capitol the next day his first official act was to sign Miller's pardon. In a moment he was light-hearted, and went all over his legislative experiences when defending the Governor's prerogative, with Dunbar.

"Little did I think then, Dunbar," he said, "that I should so soon be the beneficiary of my own fight in that matter, nor ever run across that preacher in this manner. Now, I suppose I will have to run up against Miller some of these days."

The *Times* came out with its strongest criticism since

the new administration went into power regarding the pardoning of Miller. One paragraph in the editorial in question will suffice to show the tenor of the whole article:

"We had supposed the wholesale pardoning of horse thieves and murderers had ceased when sentimental Moran stepped out of the governor's chair. But not so; the present incumbent sees fit, in the consciousness of his great wisdom, to pardon that notorious horse thief, Miller, and on what kind of pretext he did it the Lord only knows."

This article nettled the Governor considerably, but as was his custom; he kept that fact strictly to himself. He felt sure he had done his duty, and was clear of inward compunction.

Before leaving Carson, Miller came to the capitol to personally thank the Governor for setting him free. He was received without much demonstration on the Governor's part, for although but a little while before his presence was prophesied sooner or later, he was unexpected.

"Your Excellency," Miller began, for someone had told him to begin that way, "ye let me out jist in time to be after going to Colfax and be prisent at me old aunt's fun'rl. Faith and she'd a bin dead long afore this if I hadn't o' sent her them very wages for the horses that I sold. I thank ye, sir, and may ye have a kind friend help ye, too, if ye ever git caught in sich a scrape as that."

"All right, Miller," said the Governor, for he knew that this poor ignorant fellow was speaking from the

heart, "but hereafter I advise you, if anybody owes you wages, to not attempt to do the collecting yourself, especially when there is a misunderstanding. No doubt you can now realize the force and pertinency of this advice. Go your way in peace."

After the fellow had gone the Governor wondered if that would be the last he should hear of him.

There was one other petition which the Governor could not throw aside. He debated it calmly in his mind, and concluded that the case was deserving of full investigation. So he went down to confer with his uncle, Judge Hunsaker, about it.

"Uncle," he said, "do you recall the murder case — State *vs.* Hicks — tried before you in 18—?"

"Yes, very distinctly," said the judge, "what about it?"

"Moran commuted his sentence to life tenure, and now his attorneys are asking for a full pardon. He has been in over a decade, a rich relative has just bequeathed him a nice fortune which he cannot enjoy, and some features of the evidence would seem to warrant his dismissal."

"Not a bit of it, Henry," said the judge, crustily. "Moran gave him all he deserved, and more, too. It was cold murder."

"Uncle," said Henry, calmly, "I want to ask you a plain, hypothetical question, and if germane to this case, you can draw your own conclusions."

"Go ahead," said the judge.

"Suppose you had come to Nevada during a miner's boom with a 'grub stake' in your pocket. You happen to fall in with a pair of sleek gamblers at the hotel where

you board, and enter with them into a quiet little game of draw poker. The game goes your way nicely until you observe two cards passing under the table; all you have is in the pot; four kings beat your four tens; you lose; and as you realize that you have been robbed by this pair of thieves you become desperate. You demand the pot, but yield it up when they place the muzzles of a brace of pistols in your face. You are in a room by yourselves and you surrender. In half an hour, under great excitement, mixed with bad whisky, you return to that gambling hell and shoot down those freebooters as you would a threatening pack of wolves. Now, uncle, would you deserve hanging for that? Ought not ten years durance be enough to satisfy the ends of justice?"

"Well, Henry, you certainly have got that case down pat. But your mistake is on the very vital turn. You incline to favor one gambler as against two other gamblers he killed."

"Uncle," said Henry, "in a rough mining camp, as you know, gambling is general and is not looked upon as a crime any more than the fellows with kid gloves and silk hats in the stock pits of Wall Street are looked upon as criminals. Everybody is willing to take a chance, and, if they lose, they lose like men. The crime among them is in cheating and robbing — not in playing on the square. Did Hicks cheat? It is all summed up in that one word 'cheat,' uncle; now, isn't that so?"

"Well, my boy, you down me all right. I give in," said the judge. "You will make no mistake if you let Hicks go, and if he will come to see me I will apologize for not interfering in his behalf at the time of the trial."

Henry now fully made up his mind to grant the par-

don, and that would clear up his batch of pardons quite satisfactorily. It was in matters of this kind that he showed his manhood and courage. He knew the *Times* would deal harshly with him, and, from that source, there would go up a wail of public disapproval. Notwithstanding all of this the "Inward Monitor" was bidding him do his duty and he obeyed that trustworthy guide. There would be an appreciable lessening of crime if more persons, both in public and private life, would heed the Monitor.

There still remained a large batch of bills awaiting his signature or his veto. He was in accord with most of these, while a few, for being defective, or in conflict with other measures and even the constitution, did not meet with his approval. A coterie of sabbatarjans, composed of well-meaning but narrow-minded men and women, and a few poorly paid clergymen, had succeeded in lobbying through a new Sunday law. This was a measure that Henry was in doubt about approving. His young life had been spent among good influences. His father had been organist in a Congregational church, and his mother and two sisters were members of the same church. The customs of his section, however, gave great latitude in matters of Sunday recreation, and such was the custom then in vogue in Nevada. Families in his home town were wont to attend Sunday morning services and then go to the beach, or the park, or to the mountains for the rest of the day. Others would attend games and sports of various kinds, and many really worthy, high-minded people felt free to attend a matinée at some respectable theatre. They believed in Sunday as a day of rest, and most of them found greatest rest

in such like recreation. True, there were the puritanical objectors just as these zealous Nevada sabbatarians were, and among them were pusillanimous hypocrites shouting for blue laws while engaged themselves in usury dealings or other respectable but sinful work. The clergy endeavored to hold everybody in wholesome check, but even they would sometimes go to the beach, or go out with friends to a quiet little picnic. Such was the atmosphere that Henry was raised in. It was in fact on a certain Sunday that he had first been attracted to Mabel,—the already mentioned occasion when the breakers had chased her off the beach at Coronado. He felt that it was not right to abridge the liberties of the toiling masses, nor those of the Jews and the Seventh-day followers.

With all this in mind the Governor sought Parson Brundage, and the details of the bill were carefully gone over together.

“Governor,” said the parson, “I don’t see how those people expect to legislate us into Heaven. Nor do I see by what right they are led to interpret Scripture so narrowly. True, I don’t approve of undue frivolity and unnecessary labor on the Lord’s day, but this bill seems to deal with personal privileges in a manner unwarranted. Surely its advocates do not mean for us to be fined and imprisoned for communing with God in Nature, out among the birds and flowers, or out along the banks of some stream as its rippling waters echo among the rocks and trees.”

“I agree with you, Mr. Brundage,” said Henry, “upon those high grounds you so forcibly present your argument, but, as executive for all the people of the state,

through whose representatives this bill has been passed, have I a right to press a veto? It was supported by strong petition and passed by a strong majority."

"You are the best judge of that phase of the question," said the parson, "but from your own experience as a lawmaker you know how such measures are often lobbied through. I can't and I don't believe it is popular with the people, and you stand for the people—on the principle of the greatest good to the greatest number. I declined to sign the petition for its passage, and different ones criticised me for not signing it. But I did not oppose it very strongly,—in fact, I remained passive, for I could not then see what was in it as I have seen today. The *Reno Eagle* opposed it, but I suppose the *Times* is tied. Its editor poses as a defender of Sunday stringency and consecrates himself to the day by getting drunk. Have you examined carefully its constitutionality?"

"No, I have not," he replied, "and I suppose on that ground I may find a way out. While I am candid and fearless in these matters, as a rule, yet I confess that on this question I do not care to go into voluminous argument if I see that I can back up a veto. This new path out may save me that annoyance."

There remained now only one more measure to consider, and he felt relief at the prospect of clearing his desk. A stringent divorce measure had passed. He would gladly have signed this bill did it not repeal a statutory cause for separation in the matter of loathsome diseases contracted before and after marriage which entailed so much misery both on parent and child. He thought of the lax methods leading up to marriage, and

from that, on into a train of crime he had never before considered. He wondered if he could veto this bill and mollify it by recommending a tribunal to investigate the causes of divorce and degeneracy.

He wondered if through some such agency newer and better methods of selection could not be adopted. "If boards of health can quarantine against pestilence," he argued to himself, "why shall we continue to let in incurable disease through the open gates of marriage? What right have diseased, uncongenial, mismated parents to bring forlorn, hopeless, little children into the world to battle for survival?"

Such was the train of thought that occupied Henry's mind; and thanking God his own coming marriage promised to be one of fitness, and that Mabel had driven from him once and for all the demon that lurked in his pathway, he lay down to blissful dreams.

CHAPTER XII

WHEN Eunice and Mabel arrived in Carson from the Yosemite the Governor and parson were at the station with a two-seated carriage to meet them. Cards had been out announcing the coming May Day event, and again the residents of this quiet old town stared as the quartette drove through the streets.

Senator Moran reluctantly parted with his secretary after she had completed her transcripts. She was now, with much impatience, awaiting final preparation for the very near day that would bring her in direct contact with the sterner and graver purposes of her being.

Her trousseau was a modest yet an exquisite affair made up in San Francisco. The matter of this little detail had been looked after while she was on her trip with the Senator. Wells Fargo's express had made prompt delivery, and she, therefore, found it awaiting her arrival home. There was now only one further anxiety concerning it, which, with the average woman, would be one of the greatest anxieties imaginable, and that was: would the thing fit?

"Perfection! A dream!" she exclaimed, as she stood before a long mirror carefully scrutinizing the gown. "How relieved I am to know it fits."

"Yes, darling," said Eunice, "it is a beautiful thing; but, if I had seen that ruching in a better light I would have suggested a shade darker color; and this pucker

here at the waist will have to be altered. It is just lovely, Mabel dear, and so very becoming. We must call Mr. Brundage in to see it."

No one but a critic and an expert could have detected the slight defect pointed out, but doing so in this case only goes to show that a perfect gown, at least one as perfect as human skill can produce, or money can buy, will necessarily show some defects when up for close inspection by a disinterested, or interested, woman who understands such matters.

"That's a much gayer riggin' than *you* wore, Eunice," said the parson, never lifting his eyes from the garment "and it makes Mabel look like a Mt. Hood strawberry."

A bare suggestion of scarlet in the lining beneath a portion of the lace trimming blended artistically with a pure complexion such as God paints on the face of a healthy, happy, blonde, and it was that which caused the parson to revert in memory to the only perfect strawberry he had ever seen, when making his comparison.

"Yes," added the parson, "she'll set off the Governor's mansion in that all right. You little angel, God bless you. I have been trying to keep Henry from getting the blues. It is a pretty strong test of a man's probity and faithfulness to place him in the lonely position you did by running off to the Yosemite and staying so long. First he would come and see me. Then I would go and see him. Our going back and forth, you see, was a sort of mutual method we had of consoling and cheering each other up. And it was laughable, the way we met on that morning when we started out to find you down in the wilds of California. This magnet called love is strong, indeed. Few barriers will keep lovers

apart. I well remember how something got a hold of me and drew me clear down to New Orleans. But I see no harm in negatively yielding to this power as long as we are guided by the Monitor, as you, Eunice, would say. Yes, we were miserable, both of us. But he has been pretty busy, and that always helps a fellow out, you know. And say, Mabel, let me assure you that Henry is a man,—a man made in the image of God.”

This speech, together with Mabel's really charming appearance, caused Eunice to inwardly thank God once more for giving her the strength to refrain from following the miserable victim she had caused to pass into eternity while Mabel was yet an innocent, prattling child at her feet. Yes, Eunice was prouder of this daughter now than ever. Such a noble, pure, sacrificing girl, full of mirth, and withal sensible, would cause a similar feeling to exist on the part of any mother. Her motto, from the day she was old enough to grasp its full meaning, was to “watch and pray” and be governed by the dictates of conscience—that ever-present Monitor within—in all things spiritual and temporal. This was, in large part, due to the patient oversight of her intrinsically noble mother, even though that mother had been convicted, while Mabel was yet a mere child, of the crime of murder.

Eunice was especially proud to think that Mabel had saved Henry from continuing on that road which carries its victims to ruin by thousands and thousands annually, and that she was now to triumphantly preside at his home,—the home of a Governor, and a brave, true-hearted man. She, herself, had twice experienced the blessed privilege about to be assumed by Mabel, and had

dearly paid, in listening at an unguarded moment to the wiles of an aggressive deceiver, for her folly in still another instance.

"Mabel, too, may meet with temptations," she thought, "and be led through dangerous chasms and pitfalls, but being a disciple of that teaching that places an abiding faith in the perpetuity of the universe, and the omnipresence of God, I trust she may pass through the cycles of her allotted time and go to her long home unscathed."

"Well, Henry, I see you have at last broken the ice and gotten out cards," said Judge Hunsaker while entertaining the Governor at luncheon one evening. "Thought you had about given Mabel up."

"No; indeed, uncle; when a man strikes ore like that he never gives it up unless he has to," said Henry.

"This takes me back to the days when the parson was sparking her mother," the judge remarked. "I suppose you know he fell in love with her while she was in the pen."

"Yes, uncle, I heard so," said Henry.

"Your cases are a little alike," the judge went on. "The parson did not want the public to read his real underlying motive; he had a kind of a double hitch on it — he was working for himself and the Lord at the same time. Perhaps he did this on the theory that 'God helps those who help themselves.' That may not be a strictly biblical quotation, yet, strange as it may sound, I sometimes read the Bible and sometimes go to hear a sermon. Bible reading is necessary to one's temporal

as well as his spiritual well being. Though I am not a professing believer in any form of religion, still I revere the Bible. I heard the parson deliver his famous sermon on 'crime' that first made him popular. It was preached while Eunice was yet down at Murphy's. Say, Henry, have you been holding off about this marriage on account of your high station? Keeping up your sparking on the sly, eh? Ah, you cunning rascal." And the judge now began to titter that peculiar "he! he!" — that characteristic spasm that indicates a man is getting old.

"Uncle, you are a little hard on a fellow," said Henry. "I want to tell you confidentially that I was ready to marry Mabel long before I became Governor. But there were obstacles in her road that I found nothing but a little time could possibly remove. She was not compelled to work, but, being determined to be able to take care of herself in the event she would ever find it necessary, she learned stenography. Her decision in that brought me to my senses. I had gotten reckless in social ways and was frequently unfit to be seen. Yes, sociability and whisky did it. But, uncle, I am now a total abstainer, and can protect that little woman the better for being one. She was my hope, — my very life."

"My boy, if I had had your courage and decision when a younger man I might have brought a wife with me to the mines. This I have never before mentioned to a living being, but since you are confidential with me I shall be equally so with you. I knew Eunice Bates before Jordan, her first husband, ever met her. I was extremely enchanted with her, even on first sight, but I never sought an introduction, feeling that perhaps there was too great a disparity in our ages. But she was my inspiration and

hope until Jordan crossed my path. He married her. I took to drink, neglected business, and sank to poverty and despair. Hearing of the Comstock I came up here. I prospered in practice and got on the bench. You may imagine my surprise when she appeared before me on trial for her life. In commuting her sentence I really sacrificed judicial honor. But I am only sorry now that I did not dismiss the case entirely and set her free. I had no law for it, and did not care, in the face of public wrath, to have to meet impeachment proceedings and most likely be disbarred. I believed a pardon would soon follow. I was wondering then what I could do to start an effective movement toward securing her pardon, but the parson soon came to her rescue. Henry, I lost my last and only chance. It was that that I was thinking about when I spoke about her masterpiece on the night of Mabel's reception. It was that that made me weep. Promise to never mention this. Eunice and Mabel are in complete ignorance of these facts. Let them remain so as long as they live."

The waiter was now beginning to wonder why "those gem'en" were holding their apartment so long.

"Checks, gem'en?" he inquired.

"No," thundered the Judge. "Bring us some black coffee."

"As I understand matters, uncle, you twice came pretty near being my father-in-law," said Henry; "that is, I mean so far as your own inclinations tended."

"About it," said the judge. "The moral is, that in love as in all things else, it pays to be honest and to have the courage of our convictions. Up to the time of seeing Eunice Bates I could face a bear, but durn my buttons

I didn't have courage enough to arrange a meeting with that girl. She is the only one I ever really loved or wanted to marry. But, my boy, your courage seems to stand you in hand in love as in all things else, and I am proud of you. Courage, when guided by the Monitor, as Eunice would say, is man's best friend at all times and in all emergencies."

"Uncle," inquired Henry, "are you sure that Mrs. Brundage is absolutely in the dark as to what you have revealed to me?"

"Absolutely," said the judge, "but why do you ask?"

"For no reason in particular," Henry replied, "only it seems a little strange that she should hold you in the really nearer feeling than that of mere high esteem. She seems to feel, to hear her express herself, that few men are nobler than yourself, and this goes as far back as she has ever known you. Did she know you prior to your coming up to Carson?"

"No, not that I know of," said the judge, "but she may have known that there was such a person as I. Has she ever said that she knew me before I came here?"

"I have never heard her say that she knew you personally before you came here," said Henry, "but from her many references to you I supposed she had. For instance, she has said that when a mere girl she thought you were so manly, and has wondered why you have not made some woman happy in the relationship of husband and protector."

"Oh, curse my fate!" the judge wildly exclaimed, and at the same moment striking the table with his clenched fist till the rattle of the dishes could be heard all over the room. It was some minutes before he

became calm enough to proceed. "Had I only known that she entertained so kindly a thought for me things might now be different. But she has done well, exceedingly well, Henry. The parson is all right."

"Yes, uncle, the parson is truly a noble fellow," said Henry.

"And a lucky dog," broke in the judge.

"And for you, uncle, you can't very well undo or mend matters now. As Longfellow says, we must 'let the dead past bury its dead.'"

"That's so, Henry. But memories bring up the past like a panorama even though it be dead and buried. I long ago buried Eunice Bates so far as her life concerned mine. Oh, the weary nights I tossed on my pillow, and wept as a child, when she was on trial for her life. Little did I dream when she entered my court that she remembered me. Then I thought, too, if I had only had courage at the proper time that most terrible ordeal might have been spared her. But such is fate, Henry; such is fate."

This all seemed to Henry like a story in fiction. He could scarcely realize that it was fact. He had always supposed the gold excitement alone had taken his uncle to the mines, but this narration as to his prospective mother-in-law was news of the first magnitude. He would hold it in sacred trust.

After quitting the café, and while emerging therefrom, who should they run across other than Senator Moran?

"Ah, Senator," said Henry, "glad to see you back and looking so well. The judge has just been giving me a feast."

"Yes, Senator," said the judge, "it was sort of a mutual 'feast of reason and flow of soul,' you know."

"Well, gentlemen, either kind is good for man, I suppose," said the senator. "And allow me, Governor, to acknowledge, in this informal way, the receipt of your card indicating a new journey in a double way. Good; but perhaps I really owe you an apology for keeping you from pressing business with my little secretary long before. That Yosemite job took more time than I thought for, but had I been 'on' to what you were up to, it could have been hurried up a little."

"It strikes me, Senator, that you and I are going along in celibacy like a pair of old drones who should long ago have been pressing matters," said the judge.

The Governor took the least degree of notice of these well-meant little parries consistent with friendliness and dignity, and suddenly opened in on new ground.

"I have been wondering, Senator," he said, "if I have not undone a bit of your good work, or spoiled it perhaps, when I pardoned Hicks the other day."

"Since the responsibility has been transferred to yourself, Governor, I don't care a rap who you pardon," said the senator, "but I thought I was pretty good to that undeserving gambler. Was there any new evidence?"

"I was also of your opinion, Senator, until my nephew convinced me he was right in granting the pardon," said the judge.

"That's very surprising, Judge," the senator declared, "for you will remember that you bitterly opposed even a commutation of sentence."

"Well, I am glad I have met you together," said the Governor. "I think I have a letter up stairs that at

least exonerates me in a measure. If you will go up I should very much like to have you hear it, since you are both somewhat interested, and had a hand in this case."

The three men repaired to the Governor's down-town office, nearby, where the gas was lighted and the letter read aloud:

Ex-Convict Hicks' Letter.

SACRAMENTO, CALIF., ——— 18—.

*To His Excellency, HENRY CLEMENTS,
Governor of Nevada.*

MY DEAR GOVERNOR:—

Leaving Carson on first train after my release, I was not permitted to pay my respects in person, and explain the gratitude I feel for your noble interference in my behalf.

My attorneys have received papers which assure them that I have a very large fortune placed to my credit in the Bank of England, and it seems that better days are in store. Parson Brundage has abundantly convinced me that I can atone, at least in part, for my criminal misdeeds in the past by consecrating the remainder of my days to the Lord in the doing of good deeds.

The enormity of my crime never dawned on me until long after I was placed in prison, but through the good offices of that noble preacher referred to I was at last made to see it and realize it very clearly.

When going to the mines I hoped to be successful and secure lots of gold, but, my dear Governor, I had hoped to some day do much good with it. Little had I ever dreamed that the careless custom of gambling then in vogue would lead so soon to my utter ruin. Having been surrounded all my days with such influences, in the very nature of things I could not know what lengths those influences would lead to. But bitter experience has

brought it all to light, and shown that there is a far greater end in life than the gratification of desire for mere pleasure.

My purpose now is, as long as I am permitted to live and direct affairs, to so live and act, as, I think, will cause others to realize these things as early in life as possible. Therefore, as far as my means will go they are to be expended to that end, and, since my greatest crime was committed in your vicinity, if you have any suggestions, Governor, as a starter for an expenditure in that direction, I would be pleased to make you the sole custodian of such a fund. Perhaps Parson Brundage could coöperate with you in the matter.

With undying gratitude I have the honor to be

Your humble and obedient servant,

PHILANDER HICKS.

"You see, gentlemen," said Henry, "the effects of our acts when done from high and noble impulses, — hearkening to that voice which Mrs. Brundage so pertinently calls the Monitor, — can never be foreseen or foretold. But I have never yet known bad results to come of them."

"Governor," said the senator, "that letter fully bears you out in your assumption."

"Not only does it do that," said the judge, "it makes me feel like a perverse old fool. Hicks was one of the fellows I felt pretty certain ought to have been hanged, after we tried him, but now he is an ex-convict that I would honor among men anywhere. He is not the first prisoner that Nevada has turned out to do good in the world. If we keep on at this rate our penal shop will be a reformatory to some purpose."

We must not lose sight of the fact that these three personages were men placed in the highest positions attainable, and were seriously discussing the consequences, in large measure, of their own official acts. They would all three have wept had their honest feelings been made freely manifest. The least positive of the three, in abstract theory, was the Governor, and the least remorseful for it. Positive characters like the judge often find error accompanying the best efforts of their lives; trimmers like the senator, find the pathway of policy to be productive of little true, solid, restful comfort, when followed year in and out; but the unostentatious men of thought, of courage, of conscientiousness, and, above all, of humanity, as was Governor Clements, and also our absent friend, Parson Brundage, are ever blest with that peace of soul — that richest of all rewards given to the faithful in well-doing.

But here their conversation closes, and with it, another epoch in the annals of our story.

CHAPTER XIII

CAPE TOWN, AFRICA, ——— 18—.

DEAR MOTHER:—

I am terribly cast down. The day your cable came (three weeks ago just) Uncle Simon and I started out very early in the morning for the north part of the Colony on a prospecting tour, and we did not receive it until our return a few minutes ago. None of your recent letters mentioned father's illness, and I am impatient to learn what carried him off so suddenly, and right in his prime. Uncle is all broke up over it. Now, you dear, blessed soul, I trust you will have strength to pass this crisis safely. How are Ted and Sue? I am just crazy to see them. Now, mamma, I have a slight word of encouragement to tell you. Uncle expects to go to America before very long, on a business trip, and says that I shall accompany him. Until then, with fervent love and sympathy I remain

Your sorrowing son,
OSCAR BRUNDAGE.

THE reader must now go forward another decade to understand why Eunice should receive the foregoing letter. Her Uncle Simon, to whom Oscar, her son, referred, had arranged, while Oscar was yet a mere child — about the time of Mabel's coming-out party — to have him transported to Cape Town in the charge of some mutual friends bound for the diamond mines. The Brundages presumed, when

consenting to this arrangement, that the stay there of the little son would not be prolonged. Simon was then expecting in a year or two to return to America. But years roll around rapidly, and Oscar had rolled with them. His uncle had been giving him special training and a liberal education from the best sources obtainable, — trimming him, as it were, to some day step into the control and sole ownership of an estate involving millions. Oscar understood this better the older he grew, and, until the belated cablegram announced the premature death of his father, he had no serious notion of returning until he should actually be in control of, at least, some of those millions.

Now, he became very homesick, and was fairly frantic with sympathy for his mother. In order to better appreciate the deep mental distraction he was laboring under, let us remember that an absence from a loved home, whether one be within a day's call, or across the mighty deep, — whether its duration extends over many long years, or merely for a brief season, — that absence is never so keenly realized as on those sorrowing occasions of the tidings of a break in the numbers. Slowly proceeding toward the mail box, letter in hand, and weeping at every step, he wondered how long, how very, very long it was to be ere he could once again place his now manly arms about the trembling form of his dependent, loving mother.

During this decade marvelous changes had taken place in and about Carson City. Senator Moran was now no more. Judge Hunsaker, for some time retired from the bench, was aging very perceptibly, but his general activity in both mind and body was a matter of

comment on every side. The *Times* had changed hands; George Dunbar, Governor Clement's former private secretary, had purchased, and was now conducting it. And now this last change, the passing away of Parson Brundage with pneumonia had cast a gloom over the entire community. People of all shades of belief had learned to love him in his simple yet effective ways of doing good. A number of the mint employees lost a day's pay to attend the funeral. This was in recognition of a worthy act on the part of the parson in going to Washington with Senator Moran to do what he could to prevent the mint from one time closing its doors. In this mission he succeeded and the employees were grateful ever after.

Governor Clements had rounded out two full terms of four years each, and was now associate counsel in a leading law firm, — a very busy man and much respected. It was his children, little Ted and Sue, four and six years old respectively, to whom Oscar had referred in his letter. Henry had purchased the Brundage home, and, as a matter of fact, Eunice and the parson had been living with him, and they were planning on continuing to do so until Oscar should return. These families were now among the first in Nevada.

On the occasion of the receipt of this letter they were all grouped together in a bright room, just after breakfast. Henry was frolicking with the children, as was his custom, before going to his office. Mabel and Eunice were in quiet conversation rather off to one side.

With a noticeable tremor throughout Eunice's entire body she slowly read the letter, and gently folding it up again, handed it to Mabel, and sank back into her chair, sobbing as only a sympathetic mother bereft of an only

son's father can do. The world had never seemed more dreary and desolate so far as her future was concerned. But her strong, heroic nature soon forced her to realize that naught but natural changes were going on, and it was her duty as a Christian woman to meet them philosophically and resignedly. Her hope now was in Oscar, not for his prospective millions, but for his true worth and promise as a man. She had, with fond interest, watched his growth through his correspondence, and was able to judge with some accuracy as to his capabilities and worth. She had noted with pride and joy the manifest indication of strong moral integrity, which trait she valued most of all in his makeup. She was touched with his mark of filial love as each letter was perused, and now to look toward him as a protector filled her with unspeakable emotion.

"Mabel," she said after the letter had been passed on to Henry, "I now believe Oscar will come to me. He never wrote exactly like that before. Poor boy, he knew, save for his own absence, that I was happy. But now he knows that I am drinking to the dregs of the cup of sorrow. Yes, Mabel, he will come. His true heart will not be at rest until he is at my side. May God bless him and bring him safely to me."

As Oscar was posting his letter he seemed to feel that it was a poor way in which to console his mother, and, with that thought, he began to realize that he was a man now. He had nearly reached his majority.

"If I am a man," he thought, "I must play the part of a man, and do a little independent thinking and acting

on my own account. In times of great emergency men put aside all else and do what seems best, at the time, for the good of all concerned. Mamma is in distress. I must go to her. Can I? Well, I guess yes."

On his return to the Bates homestead in Cape Town, from the little trip he took to post his letter, Oscar formed several fixed resolutions which had a bearing on the whole course of his after life. One of these, and the most important, perhaps, was to go home and comfort his sorrowing mother, and to sail on the first steamer out. He knew not how strongly this plan might be opposed by his uncle, but he knew his uncle was not strong enough to keep him from carrying out the programme, nor to stop the steamer, even though a fortune might be sacrificed.

"Uncle," said Oscar that evening, "I am going home."

His uncle, hardened by years of experience in reading the minds of men and foretelling their purposes, had been half waiting for him to say this, for he had never seen the boy so completely overcome in anything that had ever happened, but he sought, with great diplomacy, to get a postponement to the latest date possible.

"Yes, Oscar," he replied, "we are both going to America before long. You know that a business matter is going to take me to New York in a month or so. You are fully aware that you can do your mother no special good by being in any great hurry about it. Nearly a month now since your father was buried."

"I think differently, uncle, — I think I would be of some service to mamma if I were there now," said Oscar. "And, uncle, I want to go on the first steamer out."

"When does that sail," asked Simon, undisturbed.

Oscar consulted a schedule and said: "On the tenth; that comes day after tomorrow."

Simon fumbled his watch fob and began to chew the ends of his stubby mustache — a habit indulged while in deep or very earnest thought. Neither one spoke for several minutes — neither one dared play with words on so momentous an occasion. Simon did not want to see the boy flatly reject his advice, and Oscar did not want to let Simon have any cause to misplace confidence in him. Simon knew the characteristics of the boy and believed he would sail on that steamer with or without his approval.

"Can't you put it off for six weeks? I think I can get ready in that time," said Simon.

It was Oscar's turn now to think and pull at the roots of his hair, for he had not even the suspicion of a mustache in evidence. Finally, with great deliberation and some emphasis he said: "No."

"Umph!" was all that Simon tried to say, and he lighted a fresh cigar. The smoke soon began to curl in a myriad fanciful shapes about the room, and Oscar sat as still and stoic as a rock.

"Shouldn't wonder but what I can make that steamer, too," said Simon at last. "How early in the day does she sail?"

There were extensive interests to look after and one or two unfinished deals of great magnitude, but, applying his quick brain to the task, he saw a way out.

"Now, uncle," said Oscar, "if you possibly can make that boat I shall be very happy. She is the 'Flyer' and carries the mail. Leaves promptly at 3 P. M. I am

willing to work every hour till she sails. Anything I can do?"

"Write tonight," said Simon, "and tell those fellows in Colesberg that I sail for the States immediately, and will not be able to close with them for six months. I have the edge on that deal and they must wait, that's all. I may lose heavily by it, but I'll risk it. Then arrange all papers needful for safe deposit. Tomorrow go and close that deal with Yankton for his Eldorado stock. It's a point higher than I could get it for if I went, but I shall be busy, and, anyway, I shall clean up a \$20,000 slice on it. I expect to be out of town all day. Arrange with Hannah about packing up our duds. By the way, if Hannah wants Bill and Liza (respectable neighbors) to stay at the house till we get back it will be all right. I may forget to tell her."

Hannah Kitchen, Simon's housekeeper, had that peculiar jerky speech so characteristic of a limited vocabulary,—a sort of gasping between words which seemed to indicate great earnestness and almost pious seriousness,—but had been brought up under wholesome influences, and was honest, industrious, and kind-hearted. Her husband had died at a very inopportune time—just when he had discovered but before he perfected title to a series of valuable claims. Thus she had been thrown upon her own resources.

Simon found this woman to be just the person to look after his home, and she had been serving him in that capacity now for many years. She never for a moment assumed a rôle higher or different than that which he expected of her, and was ever faithful in watching over the temporal needs of Oscar. He had early resolved to

give her a comfortable home for life and divest her of the necessity of very hard labor other than that of caring for the place.

There was a keen appreciation of Simon's kindness on her part, and a reciprocal devotion to the best interests of his spacious home. From early habit she had confined her lines of conversation with Simon and Oscar to strictly domestic affairs. She would deviate slightly at times and suggest to Oscar that a diet of olive oil would be good for his "pesky deespepsy," or tell Simon to eat an extra egg. "It will hold yer insides a little snugger while yer climb them hills, don't yer know," she would say.

When the trip was planned, and she was told that the place was to be left in her care it made her feel lonely.

"Oskie," she ventured, "ain't yer uncle afeered to let me take care of this place all alone?"

"No, Hannah," said Oscar, "Uncle has confidence in your ability to take care of it nicely. He says you may invite Mr. and Mrs. Coons to stay with you while we are gone."

"Now, that's powerful kind. I'll go and tell Liza tonight," she said. "She'll feel like a Queen Vic sleepin' over here in a spare bed. Yes, I reckon yer uncle thinks as how I kin manage the place or he wouldn't let me do it, but law me!" Here she suddenly changed the subject. "And so yer be agoin' home fer to see yer mother," she continued. "Well, Oskie, I never seed yer mother, — never knowed her no place, — but I love her just the same, because she is the mother of such a fine lad."

"Thank you, Hannah," said Oscar, showing some

emotion.

"Yes, Oskie," she went on, "I knows from the way you say nice things about her that you love her, even if you are a long ways from home, and been gone so long, and, Oskie, I knows I'm ignorant, and got no book larnin', but I want to tell yer that I knows that boys like you has good mothers and fathers."

"My father died about a month ago," said Oscar, "and I didn't know it till yesterday. That's what takes me home. Mamma needs me now."

"Well, I want to know!" she gasped. "You poor lad, that's what takes yer home, and it ought to take anybody home if they have a home and a dear mother living anywhere on the globe. Well, Oskie, I 'specks you'll never come back, and, if Liza don't come and stay with me, this place will seem like a prison after you are gone. Oskie, dear boy, your presence, your kind words and deeds, has lighted it up, but now it will be dark, yet I want you to go and comfort your mother, and stay, and stay, and stay." Tears began to flow over her coarse, sunburned cheeks, and she continued, "Oskie, when my husband died I had nobody, no big, kind son to come to me."

Here this stout woman of toil manifested that depth of mother love that only a true woman can manifest by completely breaking down and weeping like a child. Oscar gave her such consolation as he could and was deeply touched by this outburst of simple, honest grief born of sympathy for himself.

The programme of arrangements for making the trip all worked out with clock-work precision, and the "Flyer" left port on time. The voyage was uneventful,

and when they were transferred to a New York liner Oscar was simply wild with joy. He had hoped to beat the letter home, and now realizing that he was aboard the same vessel that carried the letter, and would probably connect with a train in New York that would speed the mail across the continent, he was more and more confirmed in the belief that he would do so. But he little knew of the American fast mail facilities, and the "pretty penny" it costs to transport the mails on exclusive through trains, and that his hopes were all in vain; the letter had preceded him just twelve hours at the time of its delivery.

Eunice had been intently thinking of her boy for several days and the receipt of the letter had intensified the feeling. For some unexplainable reason there seems to be an occult force when those near and dear to us are in the act of approaching, or when they are in serious trouble of any kind, and such was the feeling with Eunice. Something very different or unusual was happening to Oscar, but a thought of his near approach did not enter her mind.

In the early twilight Ted and Sue were out at the front gate when a tall, broad-shouldered man came in, carrying a heavy hand bag. It was Oscar, and he presumed the children were Ted and Sue. They scampered to the house and announced the coming of a "drate big man." Eunice observed him stepping up on the porch and wondered who it could be.

"Is this the residence of ex-Governor Clements?" asked Oscar.

It was so dark one could see only the dim outlines of a massive form, and recognition was well nigh impossible,

but Oscar knew his mother instantly.

"Yes, sir," said Eunice, "won't you come in?" and turning to the children asked them to "go find papa; a gentleman is here waiting to see him."

"Thank you," said Oscar, and, placing his bag on the floor, walked into the parlor. Glancing at the picture that had been an inspiration in memory, he could no longer control his emotions.

"Why, Mamma, don't you know Oscar?" he said, and proceeded toward her.

It was expecting too much for Eunice to grasp and understand that this was really her boy, but recognizing a lisp he had carried from childhood she now knew it was he. Throwing her arms around his neck she exclaimed:

"Oscar! My dear, blessed Oscar! Is it really you? Well, I said when we got your letter this morning that you would come home, but we did not expect you so soon."

He was in hopes he had beaten the letter, and that his coming would be a perfect surprise, but quickly recovering from the disappointment, and lifting his mother up and down a half dozen times he said:

"Mamma, I just tried to surprise you a little, that was all. I started on hasty decision and figured on beating the letter. Uncle Simon will be along in a few days. He had to stop over in New York to fix up a little mine deal. Wants to be remembered to you all."

"That is very nice in an uncle I do not remember to have ever seen, and I shall enjoy meeting him and having the privilege of personally thanking him for his thoughtfulness and great kindness in letting you come

home at this time," said Eunice. "Have a pleasant voyage?"

"Delightful, Mamma," and turning to the children he said, "So these little tots are Ted and Sue. Come over here, you blessed little kidlets," and after a round of hugs and kisses he opened his bag and gave them each a pretty diamond ring, a box of choice candy, and some ivory toys made in Africa.

Mabel and Henry had been out for a little twilight stroll and when they returned they could scarcely believe that the "long lost" Oscar had really returned.

An evening of commingled sadness and mirth, of tales of the great southern Colony, of incidents of travel, of experiences in Carson, and altogether an evening to live in the memory of all present forever. Although not much more than old enough to remember his father at the time of their separation still to miss him on this occasion was depressing to an extent never before experienced. He did not need that father, in a sense, to assist him to make a living, but he felt that he did need his counsel in how to live, and would have given a great deal to have had that father there. He now felt that he must be all the more manly and strong for his mother's sake. On rising to go to his room for the night he gazed at the picture in the farther end of the parlor and said:

"Mamma, there has not been a day pass that I have not thought of that picture. Every night as I lay down to sleep it was before me. It seemed to be my guide as I grew older — an inspiration to think of home, and, closing my eyes in prayer, my last thoughts before going to sleep were of you, Mamma. I was too young to understand the meaning of your explanation of it the

night the judge made you talk about it when Mabel had a party, but as I grew older it unfolded itself to me little by little, and it seemed as if I could hear you making that speech again, and that I understood it. I have gotten Uncle Simon interested in it, and he says if my description is not overdrawn he will give you \$50,000 for it. You may not care to sell it, Mamma, but if uncle makes the offer he must agree to make me custodian of it, and it shall not go out of your home while you live, nor out of our family while I live."

CHAPTER XIV

SIMON BATES was getting old. Many a hard day of roughing it in the great mining fields of Africa had brought on infirmities with age. His was a royal reception by Eunice and the Clements. He was made to feel that his visit was both a welcomed one and highly appreciated. Notwithstanding that fact, however, he was very anxious to return after he had worn off the novelty of what was really his first visit among relatives in America. Not so with Oscar, to whom the visit was extremely enjoyable, and he desired to prolong it indefinitely. It served as a wholesome break in the monotony of business life, but for Simon such a break was indeed anything but a pleasurable one.

Business grind is a phase of evil, if not of crime, that permeates the world in all climes. Its peculiar fascination causes men to forget their families, and neglect the recreative social functions of life so essential to its full enjoyment. It accounts for the distress of many a woman, and causes her, erroneously 'tis true, to feel that the husband is not reciprocal in affection, and some of them are weak enough to seek that which their souls long for—a little attention and a little love—from other men. Men, in turn, after they awaken to these facts, grow desperate with an alleged grievance and either seek divorce or revenge. Prudent frugality is one of the higher virtues, a necessity in the attainment of happiness and wealth, perhaps, but when men become fixed in grow-

ing habits that cause them to neglect home, wife, family, and friends, because of a love for wealth and the pleasure of acquiring it, they should stop, take an account of stock, and see if it pays.

Oscar was now getting his first lesson in that noble life which is higher than the daily grind of business — that social ideal so well exemplified in the Brundage home — and it was a luxury he had never anticipated in the full. Of course a crusty, dried up, old bachelor like Simon had some little excuse for his secluded ways and his absorbing affairs.

"Uncle Simon," said Oscar, as they were discussing the proposition of returning, "I don't feel ready to go and leave mamma yet for awhile. If you think it is out of the question for you to remain here a few months longer why I am going to ask you to return alone."

"A few months in a place like Carson?" he shouted. "You might as well ask me to jump in Lake Tahoe — that bottomless body of water that never gives up its dead — as to ask me to do that." Then reflecting, and changing his tone as if forgetful of the hospitality accorded him, he resumed: "Of course, Oscar, we are treated just beautifully, and I would like to stay longer on your mother's account. But, I think I shall soon leave for San Francisco, catch a steamer for Auckland, transact a little business there, and then make for home. You must stay, Oscar, and comfort your mother. If she decides to accept my offer for the picture, remember it will practically be yours. Now, draw on our Cape bank for all you want at any time. I arranged for that before we sailed."

This decision was just what Oscar wanted his uncle to voluntarily arrive at, and remain he did.

As Simon boarded a smoker on the main line en route to San Francisco he took a vacant seat opposite a portly, gray-haired man who bore a countenance strangely familiar. It was Judge Hunsaker, off on a little outing, as he and Senator Moran had been accustomed to doing every summer, but which he was now taking alone in consequence of the senator's demise. Simon, after scrutinizing him and becoming more and more convinced that he had known the man somewhere before, finally inquired his name.

"My name is Hunsaker, sir; and whom have I the honor of addressing?" asked the judge.

"Bates, sir, is my name," said Simon, not yet caring to divulge his thoughts as to ever knowing him before.

"Glad to know anybody by the name of Bates," said the judge. "We have a widow in Carson, a Mrs. Brundage, who was formerly a Bates."

"A niece of mine, sir, whom I have been visiting," said Simon. "By the way, you very much resemble a lawyer I once knew before I went to Africa. I never knew his name very well, but he was associated with Works, on Kearney Street, and he boarded at the same place that I did, — the Russ House."

"Reckon I'm that same chap, Mr. Bates," said the judge, "and you run a lumber clipper to Eureka?"

"Guess we know each other all right," Simon alleged, and they lighted cigars and grew reminiscent.

They were in San Francisco during the vigilante days and Simon remarked:

"Do you remember the fellow we strung up for enticing little girls into his assaying shop? Seems to me you helped to prosecute that brute."

"Do I," said the judge, "well I guess I do. And he got his medicine in quick style, too. Nobody up in Carson ever knew I had a vigilante record. I have been judge up there now about twenty-seven years. Left the bench a year ago. Thought some would think me too old to square facts, law, and justice any longer, so I resigned. I have always been for law and order, but in those days of red-handed crime, when we carried our lives in our hip pockets, we had to do something. Why, there was a bigger judge than I, Justice Field of the Supreme Court, who was then one of our boys. In my opinion, Si (his familiar name in former days), lynch law comes nearer dispensing true justice, when conducted orderly as we did it, that is, when giving everybody a square trial and making no mistake in the matter of identity, than our courts today, burdened as they are with technicalities for criminals to get away on. Yes, I have helped to clear many a fellow, too. Do you recall the editor we cleared for killing the deacon?"

"Not just yet, how was that?" said Simon.

"Why, don't you mind how the deacon rushed in his office with a cocked revolver, swearing vengeance on his life?" asked the judge.

"Oh, yes; the paper had 'burned him up' for scandalizing some decent women," said Simon.

"That's the case," declared the judge. "We called in six teamsters off the wharf for a jury. We kept them

about half an hour. They sent us a verdict written on a slip of dirty old paper, 'H—l, let the editor go—he had to kill the damn fool preacher.' ”

“That’s right; I helped do the shouting,” said Simon.

“The verdict was not strictly ethical,” said the judge, “but it had the honest ring of justice about it.”

Unless one was actually witness to the state of affairs in San Francisco at the time referred to, this narration of one of the incidents of the day can scarcely be believed. Human life was lightly held by the hordes of depraved thugs, ex-convicts, gamblers, pimps, strumpets, and desperadoes. Such was the conglomerate mass that the gold excitement had brought to that city. Strenuous measures were necessary to enforce any kind of safe existence, and those measures adopted were sought to be as fair as they were efficient. In a remarkably quick time Judge Lynch had cleaned up crime in San Francisco, and convinced the tough element that its climate was even more unhealthy than General Butler once found it in New Orleans.

The two participants in those events had gone over many an interesting incident by the time the train reached the Oakland mole, and, after crossing the bay, each went his way never to meet again on this side of that shore that separated them forever.

While on this trip to the metropolis of the coast the judge had been invited by an old spiritualistic friend to attend a sitting one afternoon where this friend was booked to act in the capacity of medium. This old

acquaintance was honest, sincere, and devout. He viewed the "ism" with all the sanctity of a genuine religion, even extending his belief full and strong into that mysterious phase known as materialization.

The judge had rather adverse notions, and hence it was with some reluctance that he accepted the invitation. His friend, the medium, had received some small article from the judge while sitting in the midst of the little group to enable the 'guardian angel' in the other world to concentrate and deliver a message, and gave the judge one of those psychic readings peculiar to the clan. He was told of his early love affairs, of his cowardice in the matter of avoiding marriage, of his career as a judge, how he fearlessly withheld the death sentence from one he loved, and numerous other matters personal and true. At the close, as if proud of his achievement, he called upon the judge for remarks in acknowledgment of the correctness of the test.

It was in places and times like these that Judge Hunsaker seemed always at perfect ease.

"My friends," he said, clear and strong, "I confess that the major portion of this test is as marvelous as it is true. Still, to my mind, from a judicial habit, I suppose, of carefully weighing evidence, really little or nothing has been proven. Man will never know the full meaning of psychic phenomena, just as he can never know the full meaning of conditions beyond the horizon of his natural view. My mind is in harmony with this broad philosophy which seeks to prove immortality by actual demonstration in communicating with departed spirits, and some one of those spirits may have operated in this instance through this medium. At any rate I do not dis-

pute it. But it finally becomes merely a matter of belief, and as such I respect it. But, for one, I cannot accept it as evidence, and this, for the reason mainly, you do not, and probably cannot, satisfy my mind that all other possible explanations of earthly and natural origin have been exhausted. To admit it would be to do so falsely. I admit the phenomena but not the explanation. I feel now to be in my right mind, and in all kindness let me say here and now to this medium, my life-long friend, if the time shall ever happen to come when I do unqualifiedly admit there is no explanation other than that departed spirits produce this phenomena, then I want my friends to place me in kind hands for the treatment of my mind."

These remarks fell like a pall over the little gathering of the faithful, and without rejoinder or further ado it adjourned.

Oscar had gone with his mother that day for a drive out toward the Washoe range. The day was ideal for it.

"Mamma," he said, bringing up the unpleasant prospect of soon having to part with his mother again, "my leaving you as a mere child was perhaps the making of me, but now that I am near you, and learning to love you more and more each day, it about breaks my heart to think I shall have to some day leave you again." Then, as if by some sudden impulse, he resumed, "Oh, I have it; make the trip with me, mamma, to Cape Town, and then just as soon as I can arrange it we shall return here. Yet you might not wish to return—it is lovely down there."

This closing suggestion was an afterthought pertaining to his personal inclinations matrimonially. He was

thinking of a girl he had some notion of proposing to when the proper time for such a move should be at hand, and again leaving Africa for America might break up all such calculations.

"Bless you, my boy, how can I think of separating from Mabel? And, not to return — oh, no; not that," said Eunice.

"Mabel has mamma, and Henry, and Ted, and Sue, and who has Oscar?" was his pleading query.

"It does seem a little selfish for me to want to be near them when you are alone at another corner of the earth," she said, and then reflecting for some moments she finally broke silence by saying, "Son, I am willing to go."

"By Jove, mamma, it will be the time of your life," he said. "When shall we go? No rush, you know."

The matter was brought up that evening in the Clements' home. Mabel greatly disliked to have her mother go so far away, still she put her own feelings in the background and said: "Do it, mamma; the trip just now is what you need; and think how happy you will make Oscar."

So it was decided to carry out this plan. Again Oscar's quick brain suggested intercepting his Uncle Simon. He found the first through steamer for Auckland did not leave San Francisco for three days. This would give them plenty of time to make it, and make it they did.

When Simon climbed up the plank of the "Oceanic" whom should he behold other than Oscar gently leading his mother toward the ladies' parlor. Stepping up to Eunice and tapping her on the shoulder he said:

"Thought you'd surprise me by coming down to see me off, eh?"

"Perhaps the surprise is coming yet, Uncle," said Oscar with a little agitation. "Mamma goes along."

This was something Simon had not conjectured, but he was highly delighted. He would not only have the pleasure of their company on a long, tedious voyage, but he was taking his "right bower," his Oscar, to lift a great load of important detail in business from his shoulders when they should land at Cape Town.

It is needless to burden the story with descriptions of travel. The old Pacific is usually all that its name implies — serene and tranquil, and almost verges on the lazy in its listless, lifeless, glassy effect. Its broad expanse sometimes yields to storm, and passengers are nearly crazed with fear, but such is the mere exception proving its pacific nature.

A humorous little incident, the like in kind which overtakes nearly every traveler to the tropics, occurred at Port Papeete, Tahiti, while the "Oceanic" was yet made fast. There were two little Javanese, stark naked, standing alongside the steamer ready to dive for coin that they expected to be thrown into the water.

"Jennie!" exclaimed an excited passenger to a lady no other than his wife, "I was holding a twenty-dollar gold piece to tease those little sardines, intending to throw in a quarter, but in my flurry I threw in the wrong one."

This caused much laughter, and the little fellows ran as they never ran before and dove down into the sandy bottom for the treasure, much as a seagull dives for a morsel thrown from deck. While clutching after it the

outlines of their forms could be seen twitching and squirming like eels. Finally one of them arose holding the shining coin high above his head, running and yelling, and the others after him in full tilt.

Thus even little savages fight for gold. Attractions in this world are many, but the greatest are affection for loved ones and the clink of gold. They cause men to endure indescribable hardships and take them through almost impenetrable regions unto the ends of the earth.

Oscar found in his mother a charming companion, and one in whom he could confide, so he spent a large portion of time aboard ship in discussing numerous personal matters that he had never before found any one to talk to about. His principal theme and the one nearest his heart was a little love affair.

"Mamma," he said, one day after they had cleared port at Auckland, "Alice Vore is a charming girl, very pretty, and seems to be well educated. I want you to meet her. She is highly connected and of English blue-blood descent. I slightly fear, though, that she is looking past me to the main estate. Her folks are very attentive to me. If I could dismiss from my apprehensions this probably foolish one as to her seeing beyond me into the estate, I would like to some day propose marriage, but this miserable scarecrow makes me leary."

"It may be well that you think of that," said his mother, now showing greater interest than before, "and when one has an earnest desire to get at the facts in such matters they generally succeed in doing so. Little daily doings and actions will sooner or later tell all you want to know."

One of the worst forms of social crime is deception

in matters of this kind, and it entails endless suffering, many times, long years afterward. It is practiced far more in high society than in the lower and middle classes. Our general system of economy seems to place the desire for wealth ahead of all things else, thus stultifying laudable ambition and burying the nobler instincts of our being.

As soon after their arrival as Eunice seemed to be not wholly discontented to remain alone, and could busy herself at her easel, or engage in catching up with a little belated correspondence, Oscar would now and then leave her alone for an evening in her comfortable quarters, and go out as he had been accustomed to doing prior to his trip to far off America.

During one of these first evenings, while looking over a small bunch of unanswered letters, Eunice glanced over the last one from her old aunt back in the States. This aunt had never been informed of the prospective African trip, the same being deferred till opportunity should present itself in Cape Town. The substance of this last letter was as follows, and, since it called for a reply, if for no other reason than that this old eastern soul was now an octogenarian, she set about re-reading it preparatory to the reply:

MY DEAR NIECE:

As memory carries me back to other days I cannot help but think what a wondrous life yours has been. . . . It must be lovely to have Oscar with you, and I suppose you are going to keep him with you now right along. Realizing that your hardships have been many, and that your purse has been open to so very many urgent calls, and further realizing that the Good Father above

has prepared a home for me to take the place of the one here that I must any day, now, abandon, let me say, dear Eunice, that my heart's desire is to assist Oscar in securing the higher education that his African environment most likely prevented his acquiring. To that end my all, after estate expenses are deducted, is bequeathed in my last will. It will probably sufficiently, though not elaborately, endow a scholarship in some good university, my preference being Harvard, where his father was educated, and you will be entirely safe, I think, in making provision for early entry. I trust he may be none the wiser of this provision until he comes into its undisputed possession. I feel that a noble son, such as you depict Oscar to be, cannot help but put higher educational accomplishments to some good use in the world.

Trusting that you are braving on through your bereavement, with unflinching trust in the Good Father, that your hope in Oscar may be fully realized, and that you will write me soon again, I still remain

Devotedly,

AUNT SUSAN.

This letter had been received in Carson just prior to the day they started for Africa, and, as it was so tender and so sacred, it was not mentioned to a soul. Opportunity now, for the first time since its receipt, presented itself for reply. And Eunice answered as follows:

CAPE TOWN, AFRICA,

———, 18—.

MY DEAR AUNT: —

Your last loving missive reached me just as Oscar and I were starting for the antipodes, and I could not make the reply that your noble letter called for at the time mentioned. Yes, aunt, my life has been fraught

with many experiences, the bitter with the sweet, but I thank God that my purse has held out well through it all. If money be a blessing then I have been abundantly blessed all along. My talents early in life began to bring in generous returns and there has been no abatement. Safe securities and good management paved the way for a munificent income. The good management was made through the advice of my late dear husband and principally that of my son-in-law. I no longer toil for pay, save that which is vouchsafed to one whose labors are rewarded in easing the struggles and trials of others.

Now, the burden of your soul, dear aunt, seems to be centered on Oscar's best welfare. How I do appreciate and adore you for that! He is the noblest of sons. I accompanied him here with a view to playing the part of companion until he sees his way clear to return to Carson, which is not likely to be a very long while. Bless you, aunt, his education was well rounded out in a Cape Town college, where he took a degree with honors. His Uncle Simon provided for all this, and Oscar selected a semi-business course with a fair proportion of the classic. Oscar has since been apprised of the fact that an annual allowance of \$10,000 is to be his during his uncle's lifetime, and he is sole heir for the entire estate worth millions. Under these circumstances let me say that I none the less appreciate your unselfish bestowal on Oscar, yet perhaps it may be better to give it to some other deserving but more luckless aspirant for higher education. I leave you perfectly free to do so. However, should you still prefer to let the will stand as you have written it, and do not care to worry further over the matter of another selection, I can assure you that Oscar will very gladly carry out the plan of aiding some other worthy applicant in the manner indicated. At a proper time I can make your wish known to him.

You must take good care of yourself.

With love and appreciation,

Your niece, EUNICE.

Then after writing a few lines to the loved ones in Carson, Eunice found her evening about gone, and she soon retired. She felt that the great task of acknowledging her aunt's good letter had been fairly well disposed of, even though it was an unpleasant thing to do. She had tried to do it in a manner to least hurt her feelings, for she realized that when that will was written, her aunt had done, or intended to do for her son, all that lay in her power toward preparing him for useful citizenship. As she closed her eyes to the world that night she offered up a silent prayer to her Heavenly Father to bless her old aunt abundantly in this life and in the life to come.

"Miss Alice," said Oscar, when he called on Miss Vore on one of those first evenings, "I came to ask you over to meet my mother. Can you go over this evening?"

To this request Alice assented, and immediately accompanied him to the Bates homestead. During the evening Eunice took occasion to do a little ferreting along the lines of Oscar's suspicions alluded to during their trip from America, but she did so in a manner to not let either one of them know what she was doing. In this art there were few women to excel her. The varied and oftentimes heart-rending experiences she had passed through well fitted her for such diplomatic tact. She had learned to read character, and to read it unerringly on very short acquaintance. As an assayer can readily separate gold from all that adheres to it, so could Eunice separate the false from the true. She never sought to find perfection. She also well knew that the human heart was sometimes held in abeyance from carrying out a noble purpose by reason of uncontrollable

influences. That which she looked for in character was the bent, the inclination, the general desire — was it for the uplift and betterment of mankind and themselves, or a mere gloss, and pretense, and deception?

"I am greatly pleased that you should honor me thus, Miss Vore," said Eunice. "My son has told me that he was going to ask you over some time."

"The pleasure is mine, Mrs. Brundage," Alice replied. "What a delight it must be for Oscar to have you here. Going to remain?"

This disingenuous inquiry gave Eunice a clue.

"It is rather an indefinite matter, is it not, Oscar?" asked Eunice.

"Very much so. But you know, Miss Vore, that mamma is merely down on a visit," said Oscar, less guardedly.

In all business transactions Oscar had developed a keenness of perception that many an experienced man might envy, but in the hands of this girl he was unwittingly a prey to her every imagination, and scarcely thought she could be at all deceptive in any manner whatsoever. Eunice noticed that Oscar's reply seemed to be a sort of relief to the girl.

"Oh, only on a visit," said Alice. "Well, I hope it may be a very pleasant one, and no doubt when you return to your home in America, which Oscar has told me so much about, you will have lots to remember about your little trip down here."

It was now plain to Eunice that Alice did not relish the idea of any one standing between her and the Bates estate.

"Yes, Miss Vore, I am finding it very interesting in

this to me new wonderland," said Eunice, and then seeking to get into another tack without apparent abruptness she inquired as to social and other kindred matters. "Is your society, like we have it with us, all cut up into shades and stratas?"

"Yes, ma'am; very decidedly so," said Alice. "Why, only last evening I found myself sitting alongside of a stenographer — a nice young lady, too, I judge. We were out to a little informal tea at a banker's house, and this girl was in his employ. Of course, I didn't care," she continued, shrugging her shoulders, and twitching her head about with a haughty if not scornful air, "but I couldn't help feeling a little uneasy by the side of a working girl on such an occasion."

Oscar pricked his ears up at this remark and thought of his stenographer sister right away. He wondered how his mother would like it. She had seized the whole purport of the remark, but showed no signs of disturbance.

"And so we have it in America, still we know our limits very well," said Eunice. "Oscar tells me you have excellent educational institutions and churches."

"Both excellent. We have only limited co-education. Our most popular church is the Episcopal. I attend, and sometimes sing in the choir. But our leader lets in all kinds of ambitious applicants. He don't seem to care about their station so long as they can sing," she said, "and so I don't sing there now."

The next line that Eunice touched upon was the girl's home surroundings and influences, and suggested to her that she must be of great help to her mother.

"No, I never help mother. We go out a great deal

together, but our servants do all the work. Why, would you believe me, I can't even make a bed. And I hope I may never have to do it, either," said Alice, petulantly.

In this sort of light talk the evening was passed, and Eunice was in possession of enough data to make out a strong case for Oscar's consideration. Alice was a pleasant faced girl and quite attractive. She was one of those fortunate or unfortunate girls who knew the art of showing off externally, but she had not yet arrived at the age of experienced and acute discretion.

Before retiring that night Eunice awaited Oscar's return from accompanying Alice home, in order to have a "little motherly talk" with him. The time could never be more opportune. The half hour's absence had given shape to succinct arrangement of the evidence.

"Well, mamma, she'll do, won't she?" said Oscar, confidently, when he returned and found his mother still up.

"My boy," she replied, "in some respects you are both much alike,—both unsophisticated in matters of this kind. You may have learned business ways, Oscar, but you have not learned the ways of women. Like begets like, and like your uncle, you have not made them much of a study. I shall be plain, not to hurt or wound, but to try and let in the light that you may see and know for yourself all that I have seen and learned for myself this evening. That girl is, as yet, not deep and abiding as you would have her be. Young, pretty, bewitching, and artful, she could please and entertain charmingly, but time would soon bring out the girl in another light, I greatly fear. Much of this is due to her aristocratic rearing, but so fixed does it seem that amendment or

improvement would hardly be possible. She spurns labor and snubs a laboring sister; she knows not how to conduct a household because not familiar with its duties in detail; and seems to see more in your financial promise than in your promise as a man. To my mind there is no shadow of doubt about it. Your own suspicions were well grounded. Let me not discourage you, my boy, nor do ought to hinder you in forming a life alliance with some lovable girl, but when you look toward its consummation you will do well to have acquainted yourself with your intended's antecedents, genealogy, habits, disposition, temperament, health, etc., and be not mistaken in any of these. It is a life contract, done in good faith, and should never have to be broken for any of those considerations."

It would seem that if there was any unseen purpose in Eunice's journey to Africa, she had met that purpose on this occasion, and thwarted Oscar's programme of marriage.

"By Jove, mamma," said he, "you're a trump. You are not only a mother, an artist, and a philosopher; you are more,—a judge, a jury, and a courthouse. Why, you have gotten more light already on this question, more real knowledge of Alice, than I have gotten in my two years' acquaintance with her. But, mamma, I am not exactly a dummy; I have not been going over there at all regular, you know, and have not counted on her much during any of that time."

Eunice could not help but smile at his apologetic way of explaining his blindness, and the discovery of her own detective abilities, and then quickly subsiding into a sober reverie, after he had kissed her good night,

she thought, "Oh, my boy, it was during my imprisonment that I learned how to read men and women as they are and as they appear," but she never alluded to this sorrowing page in her life's history, and it ever remained a perfect blank to Oscar.

At every opportunity during the remainder of her stay, Oscar would take his mother out to various sections of the Colony so that she might, to some extent, become acquainted with its topography, industries, climate, etc. This proved to be a delight that Eunice had never dreamed of, and now to be taken about at this remote section of the globe by her own son seemed too unreal to be true.

The great diamond fields lay beyond the borders of the Colony; gold discoveries in the Transvaal; iron in the Stormberg mountains; copper in Namaqua-land. All these were matters of absorbing interest in their travels, especially so in and about the diamond fields. Eunice availed herself of numerous specimens which she clung to ever after.

The Orange and Kie rivers were of peculiar interest, but the mountains seemed really diminutive as compared to those in and around Carson City. She observed that the streams were for the most part unnavigable, and that could not help but hinder the growth of this important corner of the earth.

Being in the region of the trades, southeast winds prevail in summer, and the only other wind comes from the northwest in the colder season. People on one side

of the intervening range of mountains extending variously from fifty to a hundred miles parallel with the coast, were reaping their harvests, while on the other side of this range they were planting and sowing their seeds. Railways were being extended to inland sections, and were owned and operated by the government. Near Cape Town the scenery is varied and wonderfully picturesque in places. The city is built on a double slope, facing Table Bay, and is flanked by Lion's Head, Lion's Rump, and Signal Hill, with Table Mountain in the background. The outlying breakwater is a remarkable structure, and the castle with its bastions and military barracks is unsurpassed. The park, with its shading from sturdy oaks, was an object of admiration and enjoyment. With a mean temperature in winter of 58 degrees, and 76 in summer, Eunice felt content, indeed, with life in that far-off land.

Six months glided by quickly. It had been noted for some time that Simon was failing very rapidly,—a severe attack of grip was his complete undoing. He lingered on through it for a few weeks and finally passed quietly away, leaving his vast estate as a whole to Oscar, with the sole exception of his beautiful and costly homestead, which was left to his faithful servant, Hannah Kitchen. He knew that Oscar would most likely remove to America and thought the homestead would not be so well cared for if another should get it.

Probating the will and adjusting the estate was a matter of several weeks. This accomplished, Oscar at once transferred all realty and negotiable stocks into American securities, and with his mother, bade good-bye to Africa forever.

Alice had wondered why Oscar was so much more distant after his mother came, and, after he had begun final preparations for going, even prior to the demise of his uncle, a fact not revealed to the unsuspecting girl, their last meeting took place, and she thereafter, of her own volition, as she supposed, sacrificed Oscar, estate, and all. She scarcely realized it was her only alternative.

They were seated in one corner of the spacious southern veranda at the old Vore home, and the shades of night had fallen about them. Not an ungentlemanly utterance escaped Oscar's lips, nor did Alice betray the great emotion within her breast.

"Your uncle's illness is very serious, and, at his advanced life, likely to prove fatal, is it not?" inquired she.

"Yes, Miss Alice," he replied, "I greatly fear Uncle Simon can remain with us but a short while at the longest. I am terribly cast down about it. He has been to me all that a father could be, and now that my poor father is gone, and he soon to follow, unless Providence decrees differently, I shall only have my blessed mother. Still it is one of those inevitable happenings that come to us all sooner or later. Uncle is perfectly resigned, and knows the change is near. He has more than rounded out his allotted time. His life will not have been in vain. The world has been improved by his having lived in it, and that is really the highest end in life. Large sums of his vast accumulations have gone to the university in times past, also to the public library, and to the associated charities. Still he will leave enough to be a source of burden for someone. His public bestowals in life, and to deserving beneficiaries, has been the crown-

ing glory of his long and useful life, and I think whoever succeeds to his fortune should use his best endeavors to carry out the same general aims manifested in these gifts while living."

"Well, his lovely homestead will have to be maintained, don't you suppose?" said Alice, with a deep purpose in the inquiry, for she thought she might herself some day possibly preside at that old colonial mansion.

"No doubt it will have to be kept up," said Oscar. "Who the lucky possessor may be is beyond my conjecture. Mamma and I shall say good-bye to the old place forever, and return to America at the earliest date possible."

A thunderbolt from a clear sky would not have startled Alice more than did this cool announcement.

"Why, Oscar," she exclaimed, "you surprise me!"

"How so," he asked, innocently enough.

"Oh, I don't know," she said, now realizing her predicament. "Somehow I have always felt that you would never go away from Cape Town to stay."

"I am sure that would be a perfectly natural inference," he said, "for I have been practically brought up here. But as long as I can have mamma, and she simply must go back, why it is my fondest desire to be with, or near, her."

"You are, indeed, a good boy, Oscar, to be so devoted to your mother," she said, nonchalantly.

"Thank you," he said. "A boy's mother is truly his best and dearest friend. This fact has never so vividly dawned on me as since I went home and got better acquainted with my own mother. And, I confess, were it not for her, I should not desire to go away from Cape

Town."

"In these matters of sentiment that really spring from our best natures," said Alice, "it is astonishing what sacrifices we are sometimes willing to make."

"How true that is," he said. "It seems to be the best proof of the value we place on the prize coveted."

When Oscar placed his mother in the category of a coveted prize, Alice clearly saw that his matrimonial prize did not live in Cape Town, and she then and there abandoned all hope of ever securing his proposal.

"And there'll be another prize for you to covet when you get back to America," she said. She was "fishing."

"Neither present nor prospective," he said, and then with almost paralyzing effect continued, "Your friendship and occasional companionship have been a source of great delight to me. I hope, Miss Alice, to retain that friendship, and to hear from you at frequent intervals after we have gotten away."

"Are you sure, Mr. Brundage," she said, it being the first deliberate use of the term "Mister" she had been guilty of since their acquaintance had ripened into friendship, "that you will not be just as fickle and forgetful in correspondence as you appear to be in feelings of gratitude for your Cape Town benefactions?"

There was a depth in this inquiry — an insinuation of unfaithfulness in the matter of misleading her, and it pained him to hear her utter it.

"I trust, Miss Alice," he said, "that you do not mean anything personal."

"Not in the least, Mr. Brundage," was her reply, with even an extra layer of ice put on the "Mister." "I was only thinking that while your ardor in the matter of one

of your affections is so actively pronounced, you might easily forget all about others after you get away."

This much of their conversation will suffice to show that the understanding of each as to love negotiations was no longer in question, and, save for a chance meeting in the square, or on the street, they never met again.

Eunice was overjoyed at the prospect of again returning to the abode of loved ones in America, and when they arrived a month later in Carson, notwithstanding recent sorrows and those of long before, she looked upon it as the loveliest spot she had ever beheld. She could now nestle down in the midst of those most near and dear, and no longer be anxious concerning her only son ten thousand miles away.

When a casual view of the inhabitable globe comes up in the perspective, and the many happy homes, though bereft of some of their dearest members; though located in cold, barren regions far from the active centers of population, or amongst dismal swamps abundant in sultry, humid air; it is yet ever true that the contentment, peace, and love in those homes are born of the conditions making them so from within their doors, rather than those adverse conditions from without. Kind words, little attentions, considerate feeling for others, mingled with the patter of tiny feet, the prattle of lisping song, and the affectionate confidence of one in another, constitute the real home, — the home of which the poet has inspired the civilized world to sing in the words of "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home," — located no matter where.

The anxiety that a true mother has for a son or a daughter is never so intense as when they are far beyond her reach. Every hour is one of silent prayer. She wonders whether they listen to the Protector — the Monitor within — at every step. Her very soul stirs, and tears stain her hymn book as the congregation sings:

“Oh, where is my boy tonight;
Where is my wandering boy?”

Imagine the love, mingled with the pangs of pity, when that other anxious mother receives a message in the words of the worldly song:

“Just whisper, if you get a chance,
To mother, dear, and say,
I love her as I did long, long ago.”

CHAPTER XV

HENRY CLEMENTS arranged, during Eunice's absence from Carson, to educate and provide for an orphan half-sister, and she was now a member of his family. Her name was Mary Keeler. She was just rounding out her sixteenth summer when taken into the Clements' home. She had come from Otay, a small town near the Mexican boundary some eight miles south of San Diego, California. She had but finished a grammar course in the public school during the same spring her mother died, her father having passed away some two years before, and she was working in a small hotel as waitress and chambermaid. When Henry learned of this last place she had gone to he quickly decided that she should no longer be neglected at so critical a period in her young life. He had gone over the matter with her when he was in attendance at his mother's funeral, but Mary then wanted to finish her school work and graduate in the spring, and could thereafter tell what she would like to do in the premises. Henry saw that she was in the care of a respectable family, but in one of those families where the inclination grows to make a veritable drudge of girls who happen to be placed at their mercy. More's the pity, for this sort of shameful inhumanity so often drives innocent girls out into the world to become—nobody knows what. Fortunately it had no deleterious effect on Mary, only caused her to feel a stronger desire than ever to

become self-supporting, and not even a charge to her noble brother who was willing and anxious to care for her. Hence, at the conclusion of her school, she secured the situation before mentioned.

It is a wonder what a valuable lesson poverty sometimes teaches when its victim treats the matter philosophically. It instills appreciation of economy, reliance, energy, and all other virtues that make for success in life, or it drags down and down till the poor victim finds rest at last in a premature and unhonored grave.

The Clements soon found in Mary those attributes that make for true womanhood. Henry was proud of her and admired her poise and energy; Mabel was taken with her geniality and quick perception; and the children were in raptures over her music and story-telling abilities.

The happy family had not been counting on the immediate home-coming of Eunice and Oscar, and the cable announcing that they would leave Africa that day, simply overjoyed them all. Ted and Sue became hysterical, and even Towser seemed to smile and wag his tail over the good news. These dumb, domestic animals seem to know when their keepers are elated with joy, or whether sordid and cross. A kind word, or a loving pat on the back, causes them to respond with those winsome antics that tell unerringly of their full appreciation, just as would the smile, or assenting nod, of some member of the flock who had ever been afflicted in speech and hearing. Then, again, when a cross word is spoken to a well-bred dog, with what keenness it is felt, and so often silently resented in some sullen manner. In this instance Towser was a valuable household pet. Those little chil-

dren, either at play, or off on an errand, were guarded with fidelity. Seldom did it seem necessary to scold him, and if at all, it was getting his feet muddy and tracking up a clean floor for the servant to scrub over again, and when scolded, he would quietly get out of sight and remain so for hours and even for a whole day. Hence, caretakers of dumb animals which they suffer to become pets to fondle and caress should remember that it were far better to end the life of one of them decently than to constantly subject them to kicks, cuffs, and cross words. The defenceless, whether human or dumb, are ever entitled to our kindest consideration.

Mary hardly knew what the news embodied in the cablegram presaged. But she was sure that the mother of Mabel must be a person no one could help but love. As for Oscar, well, he would be an enigma pure and simple.

Judge Hunsaker had been a frequent caller, and in these, his declining years, Henry felt it to be a duty, aye a pleasure, to call on his uncle often. During one of these visits in the next few days he apprised the judge of the expected return, in the near future, of Eunice and Oscar. The old man's eyes brightened and he said:

"I had about given up ever seeing her again, Henry. But I am very glad to think I may yet have that privilege and pleasure. God grant it."

Fearing this new excitement was not good for the judge, Henry thought best to divert his mind and struck off into a discussion of the crimes of nations.

"Say, uncle, did you read the *Times* article today on Cuba?" he asked.

Henry was now proud of the *Times* and its manly editor, and had done considerable writing incognito for it. The article in question emanated from his strong pen.

"Yes," replied the judge. "Who is 'Argus'? Whoever he may be, he's a nail-hitter all right."

"So you think 'Argus' makes out a pretty good case. Spain will surely wake up some day to the fact that those half-starved Cubans have a sort of a paternal ally in Uncle Sam. We may yet be simply forced to free those poor fellows. I hate war,—hate to think that people and nations seem powerless to adjust differences without blood and human sacrifice. In our enlightened day we ought to be able to muster enough courage to establish a policy of universal peace. But nations like Spain will never think of that until they are whipped."

"That's true," said the judge. "Spain laughs at our pretended sympathy for Cuba, and says that our sympathy, since we treat our own wards, the reservation Indians, so shamefully, is but the evidence of sham and mockery."

"You score a point there, all right, uncle," Henry admitted. "Our Indian Bureau plan of caging up Indians on reservations, feeding them, clothing them, and keeping them out of touch with the civilized world; of making treaties and afterward driving the red skins from the lands they had ceded to them and thus inviting the ignorant warriors to fight against it; is a policy of the rankest folly. Oh, I expect we had best keep up our poor old navy, and be prepared for disturbing aggressors like Spain. But, uncle, if leading spirits throughout the world would earnestly strive to establish an inter-

national tribunal—a Court of International Arbitration—we could disarm the world and turn her battleships into merchantmen.”

“So say I, Henry,” said the judge, “only I would go still further. We ought to place men at various places in the whole world and pay them well to preach that doctrine,—just like Parson Brundage used to do it. That would be the stuff.”

“Would they attract enough attention?” asked Henry.

“Perhaps not alone. But with the coöperation of a universal peace press they would accomplish wonders. Mark this, when the people of the world can be brought to see that self-interest to nations, to commerce, and to private business, lies in such an achievement, it will all come around very soon.”

This proved to be the last strong effort in any great cause that Judge Hunsaker ever put forth. Already feeble in body, though strong in mind, even his wonderful mental vitality began to diminish with each succeeding day. On his very last day he had sent for Henry.

“Henry,” he said, “I do not know how long God will spare my life; I know all that is going on, yet I find I can’t exert myself to talk a great deal without feeling it very much. I sent for you to ask if Eunice had arrived yet.”

“Not yet, Uncle,” said Henry. “But we expect them on the noon train, today.”

“Well, if not too much trouble, Henry,” said he, “I would like to look into her noble face once more before I go.”

“Very well, Uncle; I am sure she will gladly come to

see you," said Henry, and in a very little while took his leave.

At noon the train pulled into Carson. Eunice and Oscar were driven home and a glorious reunion took place. The unexpected presence of Henry's sister Mary did not in the least confuse Eunice. She was rather pleased than otherwise, but Oscar was the one to be slightly confused, yet he was pleased, too. He felt that an acquaintance with her would at least be an honest one if it should never be anything more.

After congratulations and embracings were well over with, Henry said:

"Let me say, Mrs. Brundage, that Judge Hunsaker is very low and not expected to live much longer. He is yet clear in mind but talks very feebly. He inquired, today, if you had arrived and expressed a strong desire to see you?"

"It pains me to hear this, Henry," said Eunice. "Can't I go over right away? Poor man, if I can do him any good,—he who has done so much for me,—why I want to do so. Come, Henry, let us be off."

Without delay Henry escorted her to the judge's bedside. Rising partly off his pillow he said with great effort:

"Eunice, Eunice Bates! Oh, I mean Mrs. Br—" was all he could say, and he fell back on his pillow exhausted.

She marveled at his calling her Bates, but supposing he had confused her Uncle Simon's name with her own, gave it no further thought.

"Yes, Judge, it is I," she said. "You are not very strong I fear."

"No; I am not, that's true. I just wanted to see you and have you place your hand in mine before I die."

Reaching out his long, bony fingers Eunice grasped them firmly with her plump, fat hand, and he said:

"Now I go happy. Good-bye Eunice, my own Eunice, her hand, my ring, Eunice Bates mine! You see, Henry, you see her hand! Oh, Eunice, Eu—" and he never uttered more.

Eunice attributed all this to delirium, and when Judge Hunsaker was buried, his secret, so far as it concerned her, was buried with him.

Poor soul! Partly delirious, partly sane, he felt that he was bound to her in the sacred ties of marriage and he died happy.

Noble woman! She unconsciously took part in a ceremony not real or understood, but one which he believed to be real,—united with the man who first loved her many years before.

Henry understood it all. He had made a promise when the judge was yet in the vigor of health to never reveal his secret, and Henry Clements was a man who would not treat a solemn promise lightly, much less ever break it.

Judge Hunsaker's funeral was one of the largest ever seen in Carson. He had hoped that Parson Brundage would survive him that he might deliver a sermon when he himself should pass away, but being baffled in this, he provided in his holograph will that no formal sermon should be delivered, yet if any one felt disposed to make some remarks it would be well. The service was sim-

ple and was about to conclude after resolutions of the State Bar Association were read. Henry here made known the facts as to the judge's desire that remarks should be permitted, and a feeble old stranger in the center of the room arose and said:

"I feel impelled to add my testimony to the worth of the departed. I knew him as a man among men. One little incident in his life will serve to show one great towering feature of his grand character. It was my good fortune to have been an associate with him during those riotous days down in San Francisco. Fair play was his motto, and courage his weapon. A mere boy, evidently a Swede, was being roughly handled by an angry mob who had mistaken the lad for one who had snatched a woman's purse. It appears the woman had erroneously pointed him out as the thief. That was all the mob wanted, and it was preparing to deal with him summarily. At this juncture the judge and I were passing. Quickly grasping the situation the judge rushed into the midst of that mob and said: 'Hold on boys; what's up?' 'We've got a purse grabber, and we'll show him a trick with a hole in it,' said their leader. The judge then grabbed the poor, trembling Swede by the arm and tried to get his version of the affair, which was given in very broken English. 'I tank de lady say not right,' he said, 'I tank she got her purse,' and he pointed it out to the judge in her sleeve. 'Boys,' yelled the judge, 'this chap is innocent. I will prove it. Bring that woman here.' As the woman approached he said: 'Did you see this boy take your purse?' 'No, sir,' she replied, 'but I know he took it, for he stood next to me when I missed it.' 'Woman,' said the judge, 'You

know nothing of the kind. There is your purse lodged in the lapel of your sleeve. Boys, let him go.' My friends, this simple incident shows the great courage that it takes to face an angry mob and thus save a boy from harsh treatment if not from death, and it also shows his love of right—that leading characteristic that made Justice Hunsaker the honored judge that he was.”

Henry sought this man out at the close of the funeral and found it to be the spiritualistic friend referred to elsewhere. He had come up to attend the funeral, he said, of one of the best men he had ever known—a tried and true friend of former days. He felt that some eulogy was due, and apologized for his crude remarks. He told Henry confidentially that the judge had already returned and made himself known, had asked him to come up to his funeral, but had advised him to not preach spiritualism as it would not be understood.

Oscar was a long while in becoming acclimated. Physicians, highly educated and intelligent as a class, pander amazingly to hypochondriasy. In Oscar's case one school would resort to quinine, mercury, and other heroic drugs; another school would try high potency and alternate doses; another bone manipulation; and still another employed suggestive therapeutics under the guise of a quasi-religious dissemination. Oscar had managed to stand it all without much change, for nature had given him a wonderful constitution. His watchful

mother was his best medicine, and Mary proved to be a splendid nurse.

But it was not long before Nature — that greatest physician of all, — had begun to rehabilitate Oscar's bodily functions, and he was soon permitted to go out for a walk or a drive.

He had heard of the wondrous beauty of Lake Tahoe, and when strong enough, took his mother and Mary there for a day's outing. A part of this road was familiar to Oscar.

"It seems to me, mamma, that it was near this old, mossy crag you, at one time, suddenly decided to go to Africa," he said.

"Yes, my son," she said, "it all comes back. And I can't help but wonder at the marvelous changes that can take place in so short a space of time. Do you feel that you are to be contented here, Oscar?"

"Indeed I do," he replied, "since you and Mary have brought me around so nicely. And I don't suppose I ought to be ungrateful enough to forget that old Indian woman who urged my taking the bitter with the sweet — her boneset tea. Those children of Nature pretty well understand how to keep one in harmony with her laws. Yes, mamma, to be where you are (meaning both but indicating his mother only) is to be contented. Henry wants me to buy into the First National, and also to get a controlling interest in the V. C. & R. Railroad, and I am thinking over those matters a little. Must have something to do, you know, or I can never get well or keep well. We drove past the Glendale place yesterday. He said it was for sale. It strikes my fancy and I am going to look at that, too. It ought to be a safe if not

a very profitable little investment."

As a matter of fact he would purchase this place for a future abode and it might some day come in handy.

Mary listened to his easy way of discussing large deals, but being mainly an affair between mother and son, she gave little heed to it, nor thought him at all boastful.

Farther down the road they were to pass a rugged teamster and Oscar drove along the side next the wheeler to inquire if they were headed right for Tahoe.

"Now, that ye are," said the teamster, "and not far furninst it are ye, oither."

Eunice had recognized in this fellow the person that Henry had pardoned for stealing horses. It was Miller.

"Are you not the Mr. Miller that Governor Clements once assisted to liberty?" was her quick query, as if in sympathy with anyone who had been liberated from a prison.

"Be gorry, ma'am, I'm that same," he said, "and a foine mawn was the Governor. I have had a stiddy job with the Pike Lumber Co. up in Truckee ivver since. On the same day the holy Governor turned me loose, Jedge Hoonsacker gave me a foine crackter to take to Mr. Pike, a friend of his'n, he said, and be gorry I hired him that same day. I put off the job till I got back from me auld aunt's funerl and then I appinted meself right off. An' ma'am, who mighten yerself be, that is, if it be dacent for me to be axin ye?"

"Why, my good man, I'm a friend of the Governor's, and happened to be present the day you came to thank him for your release," she said.

"Oh, ho, he ho! And so that's phwat's the matter,

I thought as how ye moight be his mither, or his aunt, or something the likes o' that. And, God bless him, I hope he's doin' foine, and not gettin' in any trouble like I did."

"He's quite well, thank you. When I see him again I shall tell him of seeing you and that you are honorably employed. So I will bid you good day, Mr. Miller. Oscar, please drive on," was all she had to say.

"Good luck go wid ye," he shouted as they were driving away. "May the divil take the first felly that ivver brings ye anny trouble."

"So that's the way you do things in America," said Oscar. "I suppose if Alice Vore should see you stop and talk to an ex-con. on a public highway it would jar her a little."

"We never know the heartbeats of an ex-convict, or when we are conversing with one," was all she said.

A fine luncheon had been served at a leading Tahoe resort, and the trio started out for a short walk to view the beauty of that bottomless lake a mile above the sea, whose crystal waters seldom more than ruffle in the mountain breeze.

Eunice had become absorbed with a little sketch of the scene as she communed with God through the grandeur about her, and, for a time, forgot the past or the present.

Oscar and Mary discovered an old rustic settee near the edge of the lake and sat down to rest.

"To see ourselves as others see us," said Oscar, as he

observed the phenomenon of having their faces and forms reflected in the waters of the lake.

"And sometimes not desirable, though unavoidable," said Mary.

"Just so," said Oscar, "but when people are honest with themselves and with the world, innocent, and free from sinister motives, they ought not to object. 'It would from many a blunder free us and foolish notion,' you know."

"You seem to be a devotee of Burns," she said.

"Yes, Bobbie is close to my heart. His 'cup of kindness,' along with his 'Coming through the rye,' I dearly treasure. By the way, Miss Keeler, to change this not unpleasant topic, I would like to inquire what part of the globe you adorned before you became Carsonized," he said.

"I lived in San Diego," she replied.

"Let's see; is that near Coronado? I have heard Mr. Clements tell how Mabel almost drowned mamma there once."

"Yes; Coronado is only a mile or less away. So you have never been down that way."

"Never. While I was a mere child, for some unaccountable reason, perhaps because Nevada was already too thickly populated, they shipped me to Africa, and I suppose I am a full-fledged African in everything except the color," he said.

"It is my turn to quote Burns," said Mary, "about seeing ourselves as others see us, for really your color would not relieve you of the suspicion of being an African."

The settee they were occupying had been charred

under one edge from a small camp fire near it on some former occasion, and Oscar had been diligently but quite unconsciously rubbing his blackened fingers across the lower part of his face. Seizing a pocket mirror he quickly took in her meaning.

"I am nearer being an African in America," he said, "than I ever was in Africa. Well, even the real color that won't come off often covers very noble souls. So I suppose I ought to be contented if I can't get this off," and stepping to the edge of the lake he soon removed the marks.

The sentiment, the manliness, the charity for the colored race, the benevolence, and the most courteous, loving treatment of his mother, caused more than mere admiration for him on Mary's part—she was being drawn closely into the very meshes of his being.

To Oscar, this simple, unaffected, bright, pure, pretty, frank, healthy girl, with a touch of sincerity and high purpose, seemed not unlike the girl he had ever pictured as an ideal and suitable companion for life.

"Mamma," said he, after they had again come together, "this old lake, so high—so far above the sea—'way up here in the mountains, is a typical illustration of the wise man."

"And, pray tell, how do you make that out?" said Eunice.

"It is elevated, deep, and incapable of telling all it knows, while serene in its silence," was his reply.

"An apt simile," said his mother, herself quick to apply comparison in the great wonders of Nature, "and since you have started the ball rolling, I would like you to tell me why this lake is better adapted to the needs of

women than it is to the needs of men."

"Because they can get their faces clean with it," was his quick reply, laughing, along with Mary, until the woods rang with the echo.

Eunice had to await an explanation of the joke before she could join in the laughing, for she had not known that Oscar was blacked up a few minutes before, and now Mary had, as if by contagion, a small spot of the same black on the end of her nose, which she was endeavoring to remove.

"Well, that only partly answers it," said Eunice, feigning much displeasure.

"I give it up, then," said Oscar. "Why is the lake best adapted to the needs of women?"

"Because it is a mirror large enough to see to dress by," and then Oscar was convulsed in laughter again.

This sort of light, airy indulgence was kept up until time to start back. The little outing was not only one of much pleasure—it had served to let our trio become better acquainted than before it was taken.

On their return trip home Oscar pointed out Glendale and said:

"Doesn't dilapidated old Glendale look as though it could be put in good enough shape for a king?"

"Yes, and when it was in shape it was a landmark of beauty. So you think of buying the place, do you?" asked Eunice.

"Very seriously," he said, "not so much that we need it, which, of course, we do not, but because I want it. It suits my fancy to a dot, and I would like to sometime own a roof to call home whether I ever occupy it or not."

"Well, in the selection of Glendale, let me say that



your taste agrees with mine, Oscar," she said.

"Now, then, if that is so, mamma," he said, quickly falling in with what he looked upon as a discerning suggestion, "I shall surely buy it without delay, and, if Henry and Mabel will give consent, I may some day transfer you to our new home."

"Oscar," she began, quietly, and with much feeling, "I am more than contented where we are, — I am happy. But if such an arrangement as you have suggested ever seems best, — if it ever seems that we should encroach less upon the full rights and privileges of the home we now occupy, — that loved and sacred place built up by my own efforts and dedicated to my children, — why, my son, I shall be reconciled to make the change."

By this time Ted and Sue were out to welcome them with shouts of joy as they turned into the driveway at home, and even Towser frisked about with delight.

CHAPTER XVI

HENRY proved to be a far-seeing and safe legal adviser for Oscar, and helped him to consummate all his deals. But he advised against buying Glendale. It was likely to only be an elephant on his hands. It would not increase in value, in fact, he was sure it would decrease.

"What on earth do you want with that Glendale property, Oscar?" he asked. "It has been a charming place, and the envy of many a home-seeker, but see how it is running down. It will never pay a cent at the figure named."

It is due Henry to explain that the investment as a money-making proposition would have been really a piece of folly, but he did not know that Oscar was planning on making it a future home for his mother, and a wife if he ever got one, and intended to put it in first-class repair. In that event it would at least be a safe investment.

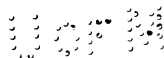
"Oh, it is only a little notion of my own," said Oscar. "I shall fix it up a little and feel that I have a roof of my own."

Henry saw that it was useless to try and head off this deal and asked if he should close it out at \$38,000.

"Yes, go ahead; it will be all right," said Oscar.

The next issue of the *Times* contained the following advertisement:

Wanted. — Single man, middle age, honest,
must understand horticulture, and not be



afraid of work. Wages made satisfactory to right party. Apply at office of Clements & Whitmoyer."

Before noon Henry had turned away four applicants, and on his way to lunch remarked to Oscar that they would scarcely secure a good man until they advertised in the San Francisco dailies. But when he returned to the office who should be there waiting for him other than Miller, the ex-convict.

This unexpected meeting of the man who had released him from prison nearly caused Miller to collapse. In a few moments, however, he recovered his speech.

"Be gorry, and if it ain't the Guv'nor. It was not the likes of ye that thought I would be after seeing. I heard of ye the other day down furninst Tahoe. A frind of yours, and a darlint female lady she was, too, told me ye was a doin' foine."

"Well, Miller, what is it this time?" said Henry.

"Sure its for no pardon I am after agin. I have got a good, stiddy job, but its a little tough on a poor critter as has wurruked hard all his life, and I thought as how I would come and hire ye for the job Mr. Pike said you had put in the paper. He said it was something about doing a little garden wurruk, and not half so hard as haulin' heavy lumber ivverywhere."

"Did you ever do garden work?" asked Henry.

"Did I ever do anything but dig foine tubers before I went to Verdi?" was his query in reply.

"Ever trim trees, take care of shrubbery, or lawns?" was the next question.

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"Never did anything but that kind of azie jobs till I struck the hard work they sent me to prison for, sir. Jest ax Leland Stanford, sir. He's me frind."

"Ever work for him?"

"No, sir, for he was up in the ralerode in Sacrementy all the time, but I was on his ranch down in Pally Alty," he said.

"All right, Miller, we will try you; when can you be on hand?" said Henry.

"It is that same I am now, sir," he replied.

"Very well, Miller. We will start you with full pay from today — one hundred a month and found," he was told.

"Be gorry, Guv'nor, I never axed ye fer half that much," he said.

"That will be all right if you suit, otherwise we must try somebody else."

Hiring this fellow was a poser for Oscar, but Henry felt sure he had made no mistake. The wisdom of the selection was proven in a very short time. Within a month Miller had greatly improved the appearance of the grounds about Glendale, and by the time repairs, alterations, paint, etc., had done their work, no homestead in Nevada surpassed it in beauty.

"Well, Oscar, Glendale is now getting to be in some kind of shape. Think of selling?" Henry inquired.

"Not on your life," said Oscar.

"Rent it?" he asked, supposing it would now have to be put to some use.

"Yes, I think to do that, conditionally, would be the best thing to do," said Oscar. "Let some small family occupy part as consideration for looking out for all."

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This arrangement was finally entered into and Oscar Brundage was the most talked about young man in that section of the country, especially by the marriageable girls.

There is probably not a parallel to be found in the history of the world so varying, so wonderful, and so beautiful as the life of Eunice. Peaceful were the waters and full of hope until the Grim Reaper carried away her first, noble, loving, young husband, — the father of her only daughter. Even after that inevitable change took place, to which she with fortitude was soon resigned, she prospered by her talents and was not discontent with life. Then came her experience which has been told in these pages, her misfortune, her crime (if crime it were), her trial, her release from life imprisonment, her second marriage to the one more than all others who secured that release — the father of her only son. How little could she fortell the effect of that act for which she came so near paying the penalty with her life. The fortuitous results following it seem little less than miraculous. The union with the parson; Mabel's happy union; Oscar, and his brilliant achievements; all directly a result of the act of clemency by Governor Moran, and technical dereliction on the part of the trial judge, who, in his dying moments, believed she had become his wife.

Now comes that uneducated, but honest, teamster, whom the father of her grandchildren once pardoned from the penitentiary, to work on the costly estate of a son wholly ignorant of the hidden events leading on to the possession of said estate. And truly, it reads more like fiction than recorded history.

Mabel

The country has been honored by the presence of worthy ex-convicts, but none more so than Eunice. It would seem, therefore, to be the bounden duty of the children of men to inquire,—not so much into one's antecedents and a possible shady past, due, it may be, to environment and the immutable law that fixes weakness upon all flesh,—but into the worth of the individual intrinsically in the present tense, weighing upon scales which show fallibility in all mankind. Walking the streets of all large cities may be found many well-meaning men and women who know not how to successfully compete for existence. A kind word, a little risk, a fair trial, an object or a purpose placed before them in clear view, might often work wonders—might instil new hope and begin careers of great worth to the world, and prevent an ignoble act of self-destruction because of despondency and gloom.

Such was Henry's frame of mind when he placed that faithful servant, Miller, in charge of the gardens at Glendale. When such acts are spontaneous, and simply arise from a love of right in dealing with others, the thought of reward never comes to the mind. Such is the divine teaching as it springs from the fountain within through the guidance of the Monitor.

Ted and Sue had found in Glendale the delight of their souls. Thither they would go every fair day to romp about the place, a pleasure equally enjoyable to Towser. No father could have kept closer surveillance over them than did Miller.

Two incidents, almost concurrent as to time, one occurring on one day and the other on the day following, significantly demonstrate the hidden law, wherein reward

of incalculable value is often received for kind deeds done to others.

The first of these was on a bright morning just after Henry had kissed Ted and Sue good-bye after depositing them in Towser's care on the Glendale lawn for the day. Sagacious Towser was ever alert to all suspicious movements, but experts in crime know how to elude detection from that source. They know that the patter of a horse's feet will completely distract the attention of the best of watch dogs. One of the most notorious bandits in the West had laid a deep plot to kidnap Ted for ransom. He glided up to the big, open lawn on horseback at a moment when the child was near the opening, jumped off, grabbed him, remounted, and was off, all so quick that his movements were not observed until he was well under way. Miller took it all in, while Towser fairly raved at the wily foe. The first of the ruse, and the escape, were eminently successful. Miller, however, being a natural horseman, dashed for the barn, mounted a fleet-footed mare, without bridle or saddle, and with a trusty carbine he was soon in proximity to draw a bead on the fleeing animal from between the ears of his own game little mare. He fired and crippled the bandit's animal in the leg. He saw the bandit jump from the limping horse, toss Ted into the brush as he jumped, and flee for his escape and his life toward the Washoe range. The wonder is that the bandit did not return the fire, and place the child in front of himself for a shield, but he probably was afraid of ultimate capture, and hence took what was really the wisest course from his standpoint. There were few witnesses to what had happened, but they informed Henry at once of the kid-

napping and Miller's pursuit. The confusion and consternation were great. On his way back Miller gathered up Ted and Sue and rode proudly to the Clements' home. The family fairly worshiped him as he came in view and little Ted was almost smothered in kisses of joy. A posse soon formed to hunt for the bandit, but were never able to locate him. Miller was now a hero. But few of those so greatly admiring him knew he was the fellow that the child's father had pardoned for stealing horses, and they felt that Providence must have directed that pardon.

But poor Miller was not to be long in the rôle of hero. The very next day, after the excitement of the kidnapping had somewhat subsided, while Henry was formulating some suitable plan to reward the fellow for his heroic act, the children were again at innocent play on the same lawn, but had been attracted to the far side of the public road by a cute little puppy that had strayed from the nearest neighbor's. Miller, who had purposely located where he could have them in view, to trim a bushy tree that was not really needing attention, never took his eyes off the little tots. He was, perhaps, an eighth of a mile away, but close to the road. He soon heard the clatter of hoofs that so clearly denote a runaway, and saw an approaching team heading straight for Ted and Sue. He knew they could not escape injury and possible death, so leaping the fence he flung himself boldly ahead of the frightened team. Knowing that the inside checks would best control the mad animals he grabbed hold of them and was dragged, knocked by the horses' front legs and feet, jammed in the side by the wagon-tongue which broke a number of ribs. But he

was happy. He had saved the lives of those children. It was another opportunity to pay a debt of gratitude to his benefactor. Poor man; this last heroic act cost him his life. His last words were: "May Heaven bless the Guv'nor and those swate little kids. I am going now where we don't have to git wages and be locked up for it. Me auld father and mother went long ago. Me father axed me to look out for me auld aunt in Colfax. She's gone, too. Good-bye. May Heaven bless all of ye." There now stands at the head of his grave a monument testifying to his worth as an honest, though formerly misguided man, a nobleman and a hero. He never realized what his punishment was for — never felt compunction for any act of his life. Surely punishment by confinement in a prison at hard labor is not intended for such as he.

Oscar found his business engagements in Nevada to be agreeable and his investments to be profitable. Henry was legal adviser in every important matter. He found compatibility in the Clements home, and spent much time with his mother. It was only occasionally that he talked alone with Mary.

At a suitable time later, Henry arranged with a superb family in San Francisco and sent Mary there to enter the girls' high school, said to be one of the finest institutions of the kind in this country. It was now that Oscar began to feel strangely — he missed Mary. The first Christmastide vacation brought her home, and Oscar discovered that it was she he had been missing. Two months later he said to his mother:

"Wouldn't you like to run down to the city with me for a day or two, mamma? A little business matter takes me down."

Eunice, keenly observing as she was, had not detected Oscar's growing infatuation for Mary, and never suspected his real motive for making the trip.

"Why, I shall be happy to do so, Oscar," she said. "When are you going?"

"Tomorrow morning," said he.

Accordingly the trip was made, and rooms were secured at the Palace.

"Mamma," he began, the first evening, soon after their arrival, "we must go right out and see Mary. I know she will be delighted to have you walk in on her."

Taking one of those Sutter cars that jerks its passengers along with an underground cable, in due time they found Mary's boarding house. She was simply delighted with the surprise of their coming.

"So you had a little business down? Awful glad you came right out to see me," said Mary.

"Yes, business brought me," said Oscar, "and mamma came along to keep me from getting lost."

"How thoughtful of your mother," was her quick reply.

The evening passed most pleasantly, and Oscar accomplished his purpose — that is, he made an appointment for the next evening, but did it without his mother's knowledge.

The following day was taken up mostly in drives through San Francisco's unsurpassed resorts and parks. Oscar said to his mother, as soon as they reached the hotel:

"I shall arrange to have you hear Patti tonight, and am sorry it must be alone. A very pressing matter will keep me away — an appointment I could not arrange for during the day. I feel sure you will enjoy the concert."

This was the nearest that Oscar had ever practiced deception, and to do so upon his mother almost caused him to change plans. But the old adage that all is fair in love was in his mind and he excused himself on that ground.

"Sorry my boy can't go, too," said Eunice. "Wonder if Mary could go with me?"

"Too late, mamma," he eagerly averred. "Seats must be gone, and, you know, Mary will have her lessons," and what a white lie he knew that to be, too.

At this juncture a bell boy announced that a gentleman in the ladies' parlor would like to see Mr. Brundage.

"Did he send his card?" Oscar inquired.

"No, sir," was the boy's polite reply.

"Well, mamma," said Oscar, "I will just run down and see who it can be," and, taking his hat, accompanied the boy.

"Is this Mr. Brundage?" inquired a tall, well-dressed gentleman, holding a latest block tile in his hand along with a gold-headed cane, and Oscar mistook him for a clergyman at first.

"That is my name, sir," said he. "And whom have I the honor of addressing?"

"An old acquaintance of your father's, I believe, whom I learned to know and to love, some years ago in Carson, yet I never knew he had a son, if, indeed, you may be his son," said the stranger, at the same time handing Oscar his card.

"Yes, sir," said Oscar, "I am his son, and I do not recall ever having seen you. But the most of my life has been spent in Africa, sir, and I suppose that fact accounts for your not hearing of me. Did you know my mother?"

"I knew of her very well," he said, "but never had the pleasure of meeting her, I believe."

"Oh, then I will have her come down," said Oscar. "I am sure she will esteem it a great privilege to meet an old acquaintance of my father's."

"I shall be delighted to meet her," he said, and sat down to await her coming. As Eunice approached the man, and their eyes met, there was an instantaneous recognition, but being desirous of keeping the fact from Oscar, his mother for the moment was compelled to play a part.

"It gives me great pleasure to meet an acquaintance of my late husband's," she said. "Oscar tells me you knew him in Carson."

"Yes, ma'am," was his guarded reply, for he, too, was anxious to keep the fact that he had seen Eunice before, a secret, not knowing what effect a revelation of the fact would have on her son. "I learned to know him very well during the years I resided there. Had I seen the notice of his demise in time I should have attended the funeral, for I esteemed him as one of my truest, warmest friends."

"By the way," said Oscar, "won't you join us at dinner? And I was about to turn mamma out alone, tonight, to go and hear Patti. A certain matter I am looking after of rather an urgent character precludes my going. I will gladly arrange seats for you together if you would

care to hear her, sir."

Oscar felt safe in proposing their going to hear the prima donna together, for he seemed like a perfect gentleman and was such a good friend of his father's. He also knew that his mother would think it a little strange that tickets could be procured so easily for him while they would be almost impossible to obtain for Mary. So excusing himself to go and attend to the tickets he was back in a moment.

"Big luck," he said, before they had had time to enter into conversation having a bearing on their former acquaintance, "I picked these up from a broker—the only two left, and he says they are capital seats."

These seats having been so nicely arranged the newcomer assented to accompany Eunice to the concert. The dinner was one of those elaborate affairs such as only the Palace Café is capable of serving, and as soon as it was well out of the way Oscar excused himself for the evening. A time was now at hand for unmasking.

"Although I never spoke to you before, and never knew your name," said Eunice, with little reservation, "yet I well remember your little salute of gallantry on the day I bade farewell to Nevada's penitentiary. I barely observed you a few times before that."

"This is all remarkably surprising to me, Mrs. Brundage," he said. "You were Mrs. Jordan, were you not?"

"Yes, sir," she calmly replied.

"And you married Mr. Brundage after your release?" he added.

"Yes, sir, and very soon after, too. I went to New Orleans and we were married there," she said.

"Well, Mrs. Brundage," he resumed, "I am the same Philander Hicks your late husband converted to Christianity while I was yet in prison."

"Indeed!" she exclaimed. "I remember him speaking of you. It was my son-in-law, Governor Clements, that later granted your pardon."

"Your son-in-law! You astound me! Well, this unraveling of history is marvelously strange. It can hardly be believed," said Hicks. "I may say, without boast, that I have since placed a fund in Governor Clement's hands to relieve and assist prisoners as they leave prison in Carson. I found a mammoth fortune waiting me when I got out, and I resolved to try and put it to some good use. Believing no class of mortals were in greater need of assistance than ex-convicts I have turned my fortune in the direction of their relief."

"The Governor has told me all about it," said Eunice. "But I never supposed that a co-inmate, or one I had ever seen, was doing this splendid philanthropic work."

"Yes, Mrs. Brundage, wherever there is a penitentiary in this country there is a rescue fund under the title of the Samaritan Hope Fund. Somehow my head rests easier at night as I note the daily reports of progress in this work. My permanent home is now in Sacramento. But I personally oversee a Hope Home in this city and come down about once a week. You cannot imagine my commingled feelings of pleasure and surprise in this evening's meeting."

"Equally is the pleasure mine, Mr. Hicks," said Eunice, "as well as the surprise. But I have long since learned to take incidents as they arise and make the most of them. Life is ever wonderful, ever a surprise at every

turn."

They then each revealed their past careers, step by step, with low voices and dimming eyes, until time came to go to the Opera House on Mission.

Oscar had started out to call on Mary alone.

"Didn't you bring your mother?" she asked, very much astonished not to see her with him. "I'm awful sorry."

"Mamma is well taken care of this evening," he replied. "She has gone to hear Patti. Just before I came away this evening a gentleman called who used to know my father very well, and I arranged to have them go together."

"Under those circumstances, knowing that your mother will be delightfully entertained, I can excuse you," said Mary.

"Thank you," he said, and then as if wondering what topic he could start conversation with, he proceeded: "Say, Mary, when are you coming back to Carson? We all kind o' miss you, you know."

"Not till summer vacation," she said. "Henry already wants me to begin thinking about a university course then."

"Have you any special ends in view, beyond mere personal gratification, in thus planning for higher education?" asked Oscar.

"No; I can't say that I have; but don't you think that is a sufficient inducement?" she replied.

"Well, Mary, that depends," he said. "When one feels to be in need of special qualification, why, perhaps,

it may be well enough to gratify the indulgence, but that is not your case."

"To me it seems as though it were," said Mary. "One's brother should not be one's keeper forever."

"Your attainments by summer, Mary, which you have already added to your stock in trade from this splendid school, will qualify you to shine in society to your heart's content," he said.

"I trust that your flattery is sincere," was her response.

"To prove sincerity, Mary," said he, "the plain fact is I am an awful lonesome man, and I came down here to ask you to come and share Glendale with me and mamma, and," just as if it, like any other bargain, was closed, "can't we select some suitable furniture while I am down."

Mary Keeler was nearly paralyzed with this sudden and wholly unlooked for proposal. Picture this orphan child wrestling with so momentous a question as to give a proper answer to the young millionaire. She inwardly excused his blunt, business style in the matter, for she knew he had been trained to business and not to marriage proposals. Such an offer, in sincerity, would fairly dazzle a woman of maturer years who might have had many a proposal before. Not so with this plain, sensible little school miss.

To her everlasting credit, be it said, she had early learned to heed those imperishable lessons impressed upon her young mind by her inspired, pains-taking mother. Those parents, early in life called from its activities and duties, lived, in so far as their lives impressed their children, just as though each day might be

the last. They felt that it would be sinful to omit faithfully guiding, day by day, their steps in high and holy paths. The straight and honorable life that Henry was leading was due, in large measure, to the impression made by his mother, and the courageous, honorable career that Mary was taking was a result of a similar impress, though she was bereft of her mother's help and care in the tenderest and dearest years of her life.

"Oscar," she at last found words to say, "you have not weighed this matter as is your custom in other matters, I fear. Do you forget my years and my station? You overestimate me and honor me too greatly. I must take time to think, and you must consider, if not reconsider."

"Mary," he said, "I am of age, am responsible, and have weighed this matter thoroughly. It has been my chief inward theme ever since I first saw you. Can you trust me? Do you care for me?"

There are times for decision without hesitation. Mary felt that such a time had come, and, therefore, with almost seeming boldness, she acted.

"You dear fellow," she said, "I worship you. And be it Glendale or a hut I am willing to go and live with you forever."

The sacred tableau that followed cannot be thrown on the screen like a moving picture, and nothing short of that can portray exactly what took place.

Only one decision was arrived at between them having a bearing on the sequence of Oscar's proposal, and

that was that an immediate announcement of the engagement would not be made. But it would be made known that Mary's educational ambitions had come to a close after she should return home for the summer vacation.

"Mamma," said Oscar after he had returned to the hotel that night, and found his mother waiting for him, "I have gotten my business attended to, and I am ready to return to Carson now any time. Had we better not go in the morning?"

"As you please, Oscar," she said. "By the way, I have spent a pleasant evening with Mr. Hicks."

"Did you like Patti?" he asked.

Eunice could not tell Oscar that her mind was too actively taken up with past events to properly enjoy hearing Patti, so she slightly evaded the question.

"Passably so," she said.

"Was she not at her best, tonight, mamma?" he further pressed an inquiry.

"Quite likely; but I was not at my best. The presence of Mr. Hicks would not let me do much other than think a great deal about your father," was all she said.

Oscar feared to ask further about the concert lest it would be distressing to his mother. His shrewdness in having his mother along would only be manifest in the event of his failing in his purpose of securing Mary's promise to marry him. Had he failed in that purpose the Carsonites would not be the wiser. Now he was at liberty to disclose all to his nearest and most confidential friend — his mother. He was anxious to know whether his choice this time would please her. He would willingly defer the marriage till such time as it would be agreeable to Mary, to his mother, and to Henry.

"Mamma," he said, "to be perfectly candid, let me say that I came down on this trip to ask Mary to share Glendale with you and me. That's where I was tonight, and she has made me very happy by assenting to do so."

"So that was your pressing business?" said Eunice, and she began tapping her fingers on the arm of her chair as if greatly bewildered. "But, I can't see why you brought me along?"

"Merely for the trip, mamma," he said. "Without you or Mary the world seems dreary wherever I go."

This compliment and expression of love almost forced tears to her eyes.

"My boy, I admire your selection this time," Eunice replied, "but you're not going to take Mary out of school and marry her in her teens, are you?"

"That matter," said he, "is entirely out of my hands, and largely out of hers. I shall talk matters over with my legal adviser (meaning Henry), and also with you, mamma. You have never yet let me go wrong."

"Noble boy," she said, and as Oscar kissed her good night she whispered softly, "Pleasant dreams; let the Monitor be your guide."

CHAPTER XVII

AFTER Oscar had left Mary on the evening he had proposed marriage, announcing that his absence would be an indefinite matter of weeks, she began to deliberate seriously over the entire situation, at times with inward emotion hard to control, and the peep of morning glared across the Berkeley hills before she closed her eyes in sleep.

Only one matter arose to trouble her more than all else, and that was of really small consequence. But, from a conscientious way she had of looking at all questions, she had allowed this one troublous question to assume a magnitude of unwarranted proportions. She was sure that Henry would acquiesce in her accepting Oscar, but he might ask her to defer the actual marriage until she had obtained a university degree. But the item that troubled her was a belief that a certain other young man was looking forward to the time when she would be out of college and he could honorably ask her hand in marriage.

Conscientious suitors, on either side, cannot treat a matter of that kind with indifference, though conditions may sometimes compel them to act somewhat in that way. Mary felt that she had limitedly encouraged her southern admirer by regularly answering all of his letters. She had acted in perfect good faith. She felt that her correspondence was leading to closer relations and a better understanding generally. She, therefore, was in

no frame of mind to brush it all aside and abruptly end it all, yet she was now desperately in love with Oscar — something she had not dared to ever indulge any hope concerning — and never looked for a proposal from him.

The next morning's mail brought a looked-for letter, and it not only surprised her — it denoted that a focus would be nearer at hand that she expected:

SAN DIEGO, ———, 18—.

DEAR MARY: —

I thought you might be interested to know that on tomorrow, the 14th, I sail on the "Orizaba" for your city. She is due there at 5 P. M. on the 17th. I shall run out to see you that evening, which I trust you may arrange for without inconvenience or displeasure.

As ever yours,

ROSCOE SULLY.

Quietly folding the letter she remarked to Mrs. Ely, her housekeeper:

"I expect a caller this evening from San Diego, — a young school friend, who writes me he is aboard the 'Orizaba' due this afternoon."

"How nice that will be, Mary," said Mrs. Ely. "I hope he is not coming to carry you off."

"No; not so bad as that," said Mary. "He is only a friend; that's all."

"Well, if you are sure of that," said Mrs. Ely, "I will not have to place guards about the house."

In the early evening Mary walked out to the top of Telegraph Hill, where she saw the "Orizaba" enter the bay through the Golden Gate, watched it wend its way

past Alcatraz, and make fast at a pier opposite Goat Island.

The minutes seemed as hours. She was wonderfully anxious to meet and converse with her friend about her loved school days. It was some one coming from home. She could not feel that her boarding place was home, though it was homelike, nor did Carson seem like home. Her memory cherished a dear spot on the placid shores of San Diego Bay, where her father and mother were sleeping their long, eternal sleep, where it seemed that she might some day again hear the echo of their loving voices, it was there that she looked for home. Roscoe was coming from home.

Soon after the clock struck eight the door-bell was heard, and Roscoe was ushered into the parlor to await Mary's coming a few moments later. Nearly two years had intervened since they last saw each other, and both had changed a great deal in appearance. How tall Roscoe had grown! How grand, how manly he seemed! Those were Mary's first impressions upon meeting him.

"I'm glad to see you, Roscoe," was her warm greeting. "It seems like old times to meet you. And how does it come that you can get away?"

Roscoe thought he had never beheld a girl so perfect, so pretty, so winsome, as Mary, and he stood transfixed for some moments before he released his firm grasp of her two hands.

"Why, you know, this is Institute week," he said, "and I thought I would run up and sort o' prepare for entering the university this fall. According to your last letter I suppose I shall see you over there, too."

Mary had never before been so completely discom-

fited. This position of being responsible for his coming to the U. C.,—something he had never thought of, or, at least, had never spoken about, until she had informed him of her own intentions of entering,—was hard to extricate herself from, but she decided to evade the issue, and not assume the least responsibility, on the ground that she did not really know she should enter, yet would admit she had given color to the presumption.

"Why, Roscoe," she said, "you never told me you were looking forward to entering the U. C. It is true, I had thought some of entering, as I told you in my last letter, but there is nothing certain these days, and when fall comes I may not do so at all. I may not care to go higher than this school I am now attending."

"Oh, I am sure you will feel like going to Berkeley, all right," said Roscoe. "But, I shall only take civil engineering—business, you know. We have to learn how to do business, you know, to be fitted to protect others about us."

There was a depth in this remark. Mary could not tell whether it was a future wife, or his parents, that he had in mind. His parents were both living and were none too heavily stocked with the goods of the world.

Without giving her a chance to reply he proceeded to unravel his meaning in a little clearer manner.

"You see, Mary," he said, "I shall hope to have a home of my own some day, and a nice wife to preside over it."

"Laudable ambition, I am sure," was all she said.

"Yes," said he, "I presume the ambition part is all right; but I am not sure about the selection part."

"Selection ought not to bother a fellow in San

Diego," said Mary.

"But I shall be in Berkeley," said Roscoe, "and I only know one girl in the whole region."

"You don't suppose that she is the only one you may ever know," said Mary, with a little laugh.

"I wouldn't care if it were so," he said.

The trend of the conversation was causing Mary considerable annoyance, and she quickly changed its course. Light matters pertaining to their school days were discussed for the remainder of the evening. He made one other short afternoon call to inform her that all arrangements had been made for the U. C., and he expected to see her next time on the campus at Berkeley.

This visit had clearly revealed Roscoe's purpose. He was counting on Mary, felt he had been encouraged sufficiently to give credence to his fond hope, but was yet merely feeling his way. Had not Oscar's proposal circumvented plans there is no knowing what that visit might have portended. Mary had more than mere admiration for this manly fellow whose character she knew well in other days. She could love him ardently. But conditions had changed. She dared not love him now. While the vision of Oscar was in her mind, he whom she had only the night before told of her love and in whom she believed implicitly, there was no room for another in her affections.

But she must treat this unconscious rival considerably and with perfect candor. She must no longer encourage him, nor trifle with his earnest and honest feelings. She had profound respect for him, and could not humiliate or wound. She hoped to retain in Roscoe a true, life-long friend. With great care, therefore,

after mature thinking, she formulated the following letter and decided to send it to him:

SAN FRANCISCO, ———, 18—.

DEAR ROSCOE:—

To say that I appreciated and greatly enjoyed your recent visit is to state my feelings very mildly. It was as refreshing as a visit to my old haunts in the days ago. But, Roscoe, I am going to take you into my confidence and tell you a secret. Perhaps I ought to have mentioned it when you were here, but you will be the only soul to whom I have yet told it, and, as a friend, please do me the justice and honor to keep it inviolate. I feel that you are entitled to a better explanation of why I am likely not to enter the U. C. this fall than the one I gave you verbally. I had written you in good faith, but, in the interim of your coming up and your receiving said letter, I have received and accepted an offer of marriage. The day has not yet been fixed upon. Feeling that my duty in making a proper explanation has been done, and hoping I may see you often after you enter, I am, as ever,

Your sincere friend,
MARY KEELER.

The keynote of Mary's character rang clear in this letter. She must be honest or nothing, and with it, she must also be courteous and kind. What endless misery and suffering would others in her situation prevent if they were to pursue the same womanly course. There was no especial need for her telling her secret to Roscoe. She was really under no obligations to do so, save those by implication from her own reasoning. She could have let him go on in the hope and belief that she would one

day consent to marry him, and finally crush him, cruelly, with one blow, in the announcement of her marriage to Oscar. But that Monitor which Eunice had already encouraged her to heed, together with the impressions during the life of her angel mother, made clear her duty in the treatment of this honest, true-hearted boy, who was trusting her and believing in her.

When Roscoe read this last letter from Mary he walked away out on the ridge — back of Point Loma. He never felt more dejected and dispirited in his life. But, in a little while, he regained composure, and began to feel more grateful for the letter. The prudent and thoughtful, in times of great adversity and sorrow, find in that quiet communion with God in the depths of solitude that Roscoe had found, peaceful and restful solutions of vexed problems and trying ordeals. He saw that Mary had made no little personal sacrifice of womanly pride in even condescending to write to him of the near affairs of her heart, and it was soon all the more appreciated. Her writing this letter had put him in a position to once and for all release the long cherished hope of ever gaining her hand. He would strive to forget his love but retain an imperishable memory and friendship for her. On returning to his home he indited the following manly, indeed, noble reply:

SAN DIEGO, ———, 18—.

DEAR MARY:—

Accept my warmest congratulations. Your secret lies buried in my heart. Your endless happiness is the wish of

Your devoted friend,

ROSCOE.

He was little concerned about his unknown rival, — the happy, successful foeman who had robbed him of his most cherished hope, — but he only prayed that he might be worthy of such an honor, and thought Mary's judgment would not be amiss. He chided himself for cowardice connected with his own methods which had led to his defeat.

It is, therefore, needless to say that Roscoe's letter of congratulation ended an episode that promised different results. Mary placed it in her bosom and invisibly wrote on the tablets of her memory:

Friend thou hast been to me;
Friend I will be to thee.

The closing of Mary's school days at the beginning of her summer vacation was a theme she could discuss with Mrs. Ely and it would lead on to an opening relief for her bursting heart. There was no mother, no sister, no one other than this plain, honest housekeeper to whom she could unburden her soul. She would simply reveal Oscar's offer but say nothing of Roscoe.

"Mrs. Ely," she said that evening, when alone in nearby Golden Gate Park, "when I go home this summer I intend to quit school."

Mrs. Ely did not suspect anything more than its being a momentary caprice, and said:

"Child, you must not stop till you have mastered a degree over in Berkeley."

"The fact is," said Mary, "I am going to get married."

"Not to that Sully chap, I hope, at least not for years yet," said Mrs. Ely.

"No; not to him at all," was her reply, "but to a Carson chap, as you say."

"Do you mean Mr. Brundage?" she asked. "If you do, all right. You have my consent. I just worshiped his mother. Your brother told me he had been left quite a snug fortune through an uncle in Africa."

"You are right," said Mary, "he is the very one. As to his fortune, I know but little about that, but I loved him when I first saw him. I did not suppose he loved me."

"My blessing go with you, child," said Mrs. Ely. "There are few things to think seriously about, Mary, in such a step. With Davy Crocket, simply 'be sure, you're right, then go ahead.' Be sure the man is a man; is capable of decent support; has good habits and good health; broad enough to treat you as an equal on all occasions, even an equal shareholder in his pocketbook. Then begin right, that is to say, do not institute a lot of rubbish such as formalities every time you part and meet for part of a day, but let the evidence of your affection be spontaneous on all proper occasions without set form. Simply begin as you can hold out and all will be well."

Thus this honest and experienced matron lady whom Henry had entrusted with the care of his dependent sister, continued with good sound advice, and Mary from that on felt equal to meet all conditions likely to arise respecting her impending responsibilities.

Her early marriage; entrance at Glendale; and her life of buoyancy and joy as each day came and went,

were all matters of natural sequence. There seemed not to be a ruffle on the smooth waters of happiness on every hand.

Before many months Mary had heard through Mrs. Ely that Roscoe had called and paid her his respects, had entered college, and finally arranged to board with her. A later letter was of more serious cast and caused Mary much anguish. It read:

SAN FRANCISCO, ——— 18—.

MY DEAREST MARY:—

I am desirous of your knowing that Roscoe told me a few days ago that, owing to his father's impecunious condition, his mortgaged home, and many small debts, he felt that he would be compelled to go home by Christmas time and, for the present, abandon his plans as to the U. C. His story was so pathetic, etc., that I feel very sorry for him. I told him to not let the item of his board cause him to go home, but, until his father was relieved, to send that money home. Knowing he was a friend, and is still your warm friend, I thought you would be interested yet, I fear, pained at the news I feel best to tell you. If he changes plans I will let you know. I do hope he may be relieved.

Your friend,

MRS. JANE ELY.

The real motive behind this letter was its appeal for aid, and it did not miss its purpose. Mary was greatly touched, and resolved to ask Oscar to assist Roscoe in his ambition for education which now seemed likely he could not be able to get under existing circumstances.

"Oscar," she said, after he had finished reading the

letter, "he was a school friend in San Diego, always ahead in his studies, and I do feel so sorry to think he is not going to be able to continue at Berkeley. You would please me very much, dear fellow, if you thought you could assist him, and also assist his parents. It might be as 'bread cast upon the waters.' You could do it without disclosing your identity. Can you do it, dear?"

"Anything my little wife requests I must simply try to do, and in this case, I shall try for the further reason that it is one of those affairs that ought not to be passed over without doing something," said Oscar.

This answer pleased Mary very much for it gave evidence of his willingness to assist, not on the ground of merely doing her a favor, but for the merit in the case itself.

Henry was called in, and a plan was immediately formulated as his letters will show:

CARSON, NEV., ——— 18—.

MRS. HEARST,
Regent, U. C.

MADAME — I have a client who wishes to donate a special three-year scholarship, place the sum of five thousand dollars in your hands to meet it, providing you may accept the trust, and to be given to one Roscoe Sully, already entered, in equal monthly allowance until he obtains his degree. But its source must never be known to Sully. The sum named has been wired to your credit in the First National Bank of Berkeley.

I remain with respect,

Very truly,
HENRY CLEMENTS,
Att'y for Donor.

CARSON, NEV., ——— 18—.

DOUGLAS GUNN,

Editor Union,

San Diego, Cal.

MY DEAR SIR — Your name has been given me as a person suitable to hold a small sum in trust and use it in the interest, as directed, of one Thaddeus Sully, No. 1676 Fifth St., your city. I am attorney for an old friend who wishes to substantially assist the family, but his identity must not be made known. I have this day wired to your credit for the purpose indicated the sum of five thousand dollars, and if you accept the trust, please forthwith cancel the mortgage on their home, liquidate all other debts of record, or known, and place balance, less your fee, to order of Mr. Sully in the San Diego National Bank, where I have wired credit. In the probable event of an explanation of your action being demanded, simply intimate that it comes from a friend unknown to yourself. Above all, publish nothing.

Very truly,
HENRY CLEMENTS, *Att'y.*

Henry well knew Gunn, though not personally, and also was sure that as the one-time Governor he would be known to Gunn, but the rubber string of attorney would serve to cover up all that was back of his movements.

Both trusts were promptly accepted. When Roscoe learned of the San Diego assistance, which was the first intimation that anything had been done along that line, he felt that the news was too good to be true. He knew not what to say, think, or do. Mrs. Hearst had been away for a few days, but that evening, while Roscoe was plodding over a geometrical problem in his modest but

extremely tidy little room — the same identical room that Mary had occupied — a team of reined beauties stopped in front of the Ely home, a lady jumped out, rang the bell, inquired for Roscoe, and without ceremony, was ushered into his cozy room.

"I am Mrs. Hearst, and is this Mr. Roscoe Sully?" she inquired.

"I'm very pleased to meet you, Mrs. Hearst," said he. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I have been directed to inform you, Mr. Sully," she began, "that a three-year scholarship of five thousand dollars has been awarded you in the U. C. and is in my charge. Here is a check for one hundred dollars, made to your order, and pays the first month's allowance. You will kindly receipt the voucher. There will be one of like amount sent you on the first of each month."

"This simply amazes me, madame," said Oscar. "Whom shall I thank besides yourself?"

"I really don't know," she said, with her customary business air, "and that is all I can say."

"Well, Mrs. Hearst," he said, "I gratefully accept it from whomsoever God has prompted to bestow it," and the lady was driven away.

"Whom can it be?" he soliloquized. "It is just like generous-souled Mary, but, pshaw! it can't be she. Her folks are certainly not well enough off to do it. No; it must come from some unknown relative or friend of either father or mother. God bless whomsoever it may be. Now, I can stay, and feel that the old folks are all right. I shall do my best to merit the confidence of my unknown benefactor."

Mrs. Ely had been told that Roscoe's distinguished

caller was none other than Mrs. Hearst, and when he came down stairs a few moments after her departure, elated, and holding the check in his hand, she said:

"Why, Mr. Sully, you should feel highly honored by a call from that lady."

"And so I am," he said. "It means more than honor. She is custodian of a five-thousand-dollar scholarship for me in the U. C., of which this check is a part. And only this morning a letter awaited me, on the other side, from father, telling me he had received a like sum from a source unknown, and was now safely out of all debt save that of gratitude for the giver. Surely, 'it never rains but it pours.' And I would split this check if I knew who was behind it."

"Well, Roscoe, I think congratulations are in order," said Mrs. Ely. "True friends would not care to humiliate you with a disclosure of their names in a matter like this. I have secretly prayed for it, and I feel the prayer was answered. At some future time I have no doubt you will learn who did it. I trust you may profit by it in fullest measure. Like your unknown friends, I think you deserve it."

"I thank you," he said, his eyes now filling, "and you may please place this check to my account."

A new life had opened to this struggling soul, the direct result of the one who, but a few months before, he thought had closed it up and made it dark indeed.

Spontaneous scholarships, those not hedged in with customary red tape which so often bars out deserving applicants, could be placed at the disposal of every uni-

versity by those of ample means, for the benefit of other worthy, struggling souls whom poverty compels to remain at home and assist their parents.

CHAPTER XVIII

IT will now be necessary to come down to the closing days of the century in this narrative of personal events, for the reader to continue an active interest in it. The few intervening years following Oscar's happy marriage were merely ones of the usual daily affairs of life with those compatibly married and prosperous.

Glendale was the centripetal center of attraction for groups, for parties, for receptions, etc., where the host, hostess, and Eunice were enjoying life to the full. Just why in the economy of domestic existence those with abundant wealth and aching desire for children should be denied their presence, while others illy prepared should possess them in large numbers, seems to be one of the enigmas not as yet solved.

Eunice, now silvered with years, found gracious comfort vouchsafed in this lovely home. In her parlor hung the masterpiece — that beautiful, awe-inspiring transcript from the tablets of God — and, with an occasional dash of the brush, a choice book, a fine drive with Oscar, the love and confidence of Mary, delightful visits from Mabel, Henry, and Sue, also visits from friends and neighbors who held her in highest esteem, she was passing her declining years in as perfect a state as may likely be found this side the pearly gates of that paradise awaiting her in another world. For all this she was, indeed, grateful, not only to the Great Giver of it all, but also to

those participators long since gone before. Her vicissitudes had been numerous and her trials severe, but these she felt had been fully compensated in the blessings of her present surroundings and the consciousness of various noble achievements along the whole line of her checkered career.

The Clements home had flourished. Sue was now approaching young womanhood; Ted had enlisted at the outset of the war with Spain, and was now in Cuba; Henry had retired from active law practice, and was living happily with Mabel and Sue. With the exception of that anguish that the absence of a son brings to a family who, for their country's sake, have permitted him to go to war, their happiness was complete.

Oscar still clung to Henry as an adviser in a general way, if not a paid one in fees for each visit.

"Henry," he said, one day, as though much in earnest, "I believe in doing something with money while one is still living and able to direct expenditures, and not leave it for others to quarrel over. Do you know I am seriously planning to endow and found a big university right here in Carson? What do you think of such a proposition? Think it wild?"

"Good idea, old man," said Henry. "Would you want it to be coeducational?"

"I most assuredly would, and, to prove my interest in the cause of coeducation, I would want to provide liberal scholarships for deserving young women in particular. To my way of thinking, the more our young people associate together in those matters, under proper restrictions, the greater is the stimulus to excel in their work. Of course, the eastern world is not in sympathy

with coeducation, and seems to think, while it is all right for the sexes to attend church together, go to receptions, play croquet, eat ice cream, sit crowded close in a street car, etc., it is perfectly reprehensible for them to attend school together. But, in absolute proof of the absurdity of such mockery, just look at the University of California. Are results better in any other university anywhere?"

"I quite agree with you, Oscar," said Henry. "You cannot do a handsomer thing than found such an institution of learning. You have abundant resources from which to fund it nicely."

"Yes, I think, with careful management, there is enough to make it a success. Somehow I feel it to be a crime if we do not reach out for humanity, in some practical manner, when we possess large means. That was Uncle Simon's idea, too. And, really, I feel to be only an agent for him after all in this matter, for it was his brains, his courage, and his energy that makes such a movement possible."

"Your view, Oscar, may be conceded in part," said Henry, "still, what you now possess is legally and ethically yours. The fact is, in matters of wealth, there is an interlinking of interests that renders exclusiveness in the right of possession almost impossible. After all, wealth comes from the labor of the people, say what we will. The world at large may look upon that view as being intangible; may think it a mild endorsement of socialism, and even anarchy. But, I believe firmly in our form of liberty. Social beings can find safest and best protection in the enjoyment of 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness' under organic, constitutional gov-

ernment by force. Our starry banner, that cherished insignia of liberty floating so defiantly over this people, was never intended to be sullied by protecting the antithesis of our institutions, anarchy, even though it be not nihilism, but in fact the most ethical existence possible."

"So say I, Henry," Oscar replied. "Those ethical ideals as promulgated in high-grade socialism are inimical to the safety of a free people, even though intrinsically correct. I trust we may evolve into better and better ways,—into a state where greed will not have undue advantage and the strong may make room for the weak; where arms and armies may be ended forever and the world be entirely at peace; but that is practically impossible, and our present forms are the best on earth, today. But we greatly need to have a sifting out and burial of extraneous laws; for example, those blue laws yet marring the statutes of many states, and which infringe upon that cardinal principle at the very foundation of our blessed land—freedom to worship God according to the dictates of conscience, and absolute separation of church from state. I would like to model our university, and, so far as its religious bearing goes, pattern after that sage of philosophers, Stephen Girard, as now in vogue in the great college bearing his name."

"You would not bar the clergy?" said Henry. "Remember your father was a clergyman."

"I would bar nobody as visitors, on all proper occasions, except those who were not sensible enough to leave sectarian belief and theological interpolation on the outside," was Oscar's reply. "And you know father would say amen."

"Well, I am of like opinion in that matter," said Henry. "And what name would you give the university? I suppose you would like the family name retained, would you not?"

"Personally, Henry, I am not vainglorious and looking to make everything a Brundage affair," Oscar was quick to declare, "but it would please me greatly if I could incorporate mamma's name. That is really impracticable, though, if not imprudent."

"Possibly you are right," Henry admitted, for he at once thought of the newspaper notoriety that might follow, and how it might rake over those dark pages of the past wherein Eunice had figured so conspicuously.

"Well, it can be done in her honor, just the same," said Oscar, "by calling it

The Monitor University of Nevada.

She has lived it, taught it, and I shall found the university on that same idea, — Mind the Light, — and make it the leading feature of the institution. There can be no more effective way of doing than that of incorporating 'Monitor' in the name."

"Capital idea," said Henry. "Perhaps just a trifle odd to get used to at first, but none the less expressive of your mother's ideal, that of teaching to 'do right for the love of right.'"

"And," continued Oscar, "I should want the curriculum to cover many studies, and the institution to embrace these departments:

Religion. — Recognizing it as a part of man's being, in some form; worthy of encouragement as an end to the highest ethical attainments; to be emulated with elevat-

ing moral codes; advice and interference to be exercised no further than to listen to, and heed, the voice of the Monitor at all times and on all occasions; worship in itself to be looked upon as purely an individual affair between man and his Maker; place special stress upon the grandeur of the Golden Rule as a keynote for all action; exalt the principle of Faith, that is, of trust in the Great Author and the fitness and rightness of things eternal and all parts of the eternal whole; teach, in the line of Works, of the sins of omission and commission, holding out no inducements in the way of rewards in either this world or the world to come, other than that most blessed of all rewards, a consciousness of well doing and the consequent peace of soul.

Medicine. — Recognizing Old Schools, New Schools, and all schools with any foundation whatever, and evolving from, or bringing out of all an Eclectic System second to none; special branches in Criminology and the Science of Health.

Law. — Special bearing on humane control of crime; honest distribution of property, and protection in its peaceable possession; absolutely honest administration and enactment.

Capital and Labor. — Advocating arbitration for the settlement of all disputes between them; unrestrained organization of either, only wherein they interfere with individual rights.

Political Economy. — Advocating an International and a National and State Court of Arbitration; also general disarmament of all states and nations at earliest date practicable.

Civil Government, Mathematics, Letters, and the

whole array of logies necessary to complete a high education."

It was provided that there should be great care exercised in the selection of regents and professors. None but known bright lights should be honored with a call. All plans were carefully specified and detailed with great care and precision. Competition for plans of buildings and affiliated colleges was entered into by the leading architects of the world, and a set selected by the faculty that had drawn a prize of one hundred thousand dollars.

The brilliant record of Roscoe Sully had been watched. On acceptance of his handsome scholarship at Berkeley, he chose a purely classical course, and obtained a degree with honors. A foreign university later called him to the chair of Applied Sciences, and he made an enviable record. Now we find him accepting the Presidency of the Monitor. For the first time he surmises and actually learns the source of the aid that came to him and his parents in former days.

When meeting Mary for the first time after arriving in Carson, he said:

"A little bird has whispered, Mrs. Brundage, that you were the instrumentality through which the Lord answered Mrs. Ely's prayers while I was a freshman at Berkeley. I then could only thank some unknown friend, but now I thank you with all my heart and soul."

"I suppose I must, in some measure, acknowledge the correctness of your guess, but I deserve no special thanks, for I was only trying to do that for you which I believe you would have done for me. You see it was only carrying out the Golden Rule," said Mary.

"You help to lighten my conscience magnanimously," said Roscoe. "But I fear the actual debt I can never pay."

"We feel, Professor Sully, that your great condescension to come to us, and to give us the benefit of your experience and worth, will far more than repay us. The investment of the scholarship in your behalf will be, as I told Oscar, like 'bread upon the water' — come back in splendid dividends."

"You compliment me too highly," said Roscoe, "but you may rest assured that the best in me is to be laid at the feet of my benefactors, — in the Monitor."

The reader from this on must conjecture alone. Perhaps you may see the Monitor filled with ambitious students from all parts of the world. See, too, it may be, colossal buildings erected near the foothills of the towering Washoe range, and observe their inmates rising to fame, or dealing with little romances, as its founders did, at Lake Tahoe. At the far end of Assembly Hall you may see hanging that wondrous painting, the Masterpiece, and almost feel its inspiration guiding others to higher aims in life. You may note, on fair, sunny days, a lovely elderly lady leaning on the gallant arm of Oscar, who is escorting her through the spacious grounds. This elderly lady may be in deep reverie; may be thinking of the father of Mabel Jordan, and his untimely cutting down in the bloom of life; or her mind may chance to think of the willful traducer who blighted her unsullied life, and caused her imprisonment; or it may be the father of Oscar now brightening up her countenance as she

passes on—the beloved Parson Brundage; or, who knows but what Governor Moran may be occupying her thoughts; or poor Judge Hunsaker as a recollection of his last days comes up before her vision, that last moment when he acted so strangely; or she may be wholly absorbed in the thought of Oscar, her opportune trip to Africa and timely meeting with Alice Vore; and she may wonder whether Oscar shall ever know all of the past as she silently prays Heaven for forgiveness of her misdeeds. Ah! reader; little can we know of the innermost thoughts of this character so near the end of her beautiful and wonderful career.

As for Ted, he may have returned from Cuba, gone out into the Great West, and risen to fame—standing in line for the Presidency of the United States. Who knows?